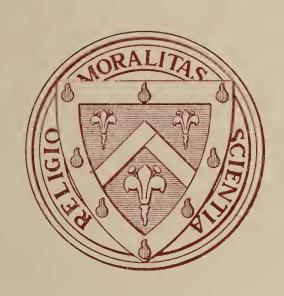
THE

SAINT JOSEPH'S. COLLEGIANI



MAY 1937



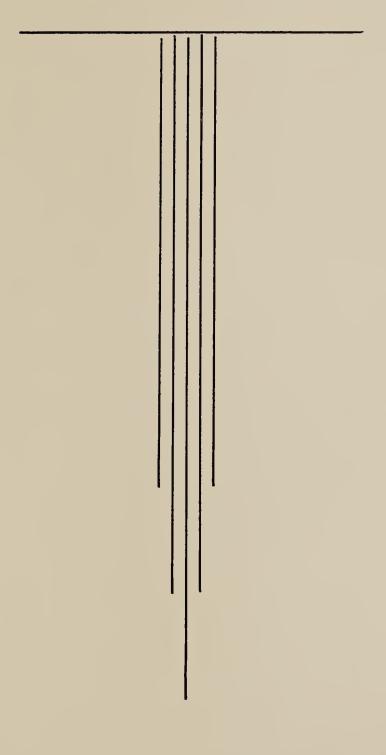




THE

ST. JOSEPH'S

COLLEGIAN



A LITERARY JOURNAL

of

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

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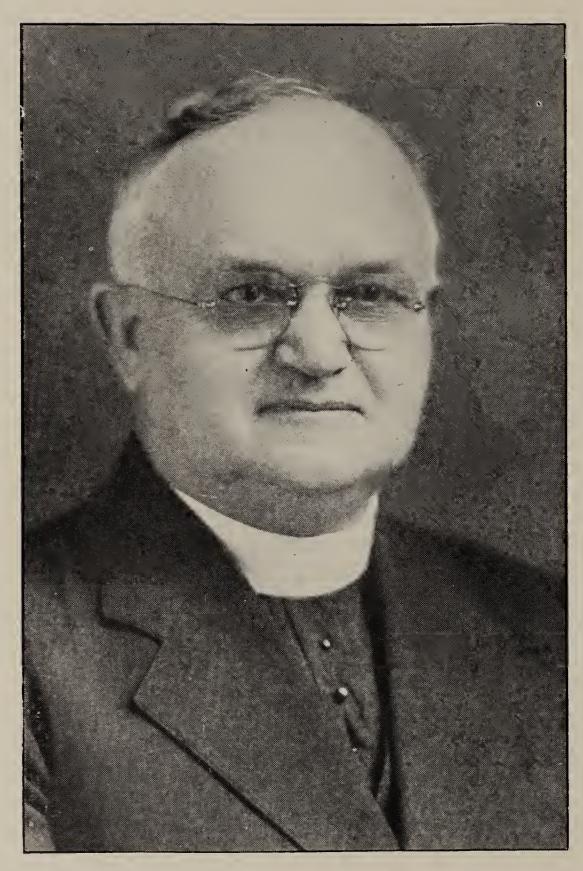
VOLUME XXV MAY, 1937 NUMBER 8

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Rev. Maurice Ehleringer, C.PP.S., Jubilarian

TO FATHER MAURICE

St. Maurice, near the throne of Light,
We ardently beseech and pray
That thou protect and guide aright
Thy humble, priestly protege—

Who five and twenty noble cantos
In the service of his Lord
Full of vict'ries like Lepanto's
In the Book of Life has scored.

"Ad multos annos," Father Maurice,
Is the greeting we decree
As on thy argent locks descends
The silver crown of jubilee!

By Richard Trame '38

Lizabeth and Mary — which was the heroine and which was the villainess? Which queen won and which queen lost? Historians, biographers, and dramatists have debated this question with increasing intensity down through the lapsing years, but usually these are rabid partisans of one woman or the other, and consequently no definite, certain conclusion has yet been reached.

The article that follows does not attempt to enter into the heated fray and, therefore, can offer no conclusion. It is the mere ambition of this article to recreate in compact terms the personality and character of Mary Stuart as seen by the writer from reading the dramatic works of five modern dramatists — Maxwell Anderson, Gordon Daviot (Elizabeth Mackintosh), John Drinkwater, John Masefield, and Algernon Charles Swin-The debated point and Queen Elizabeth are overlooked in this treatise, as far as possible, in an earnest venture at finding a true picture of Mary Stuart — as a queen — as a woman.

As one views, in the quiet gray of twilight, the huge, formidable bulk of Linlithgow Palace, one's mind charges back to the scenes of many bitter defeats and a few sunlit triumphs that were born behind its expressionless, massive exterior. While the dull lights twinkle in the streets below, while screaming bagpipes play their burring ditties, Linlithgow Castle rises always in the shadowed

background as a ghostly, yet majestic monument to an infant queen who started a timeless bulk of years within its sunken, scented chambers.

Then, as the sinking sun stains the impenetrable walls, silhouettes, like mythsquatting ological beasts on black haunches, play in the obscure corners of the dismal palace. The castle stares stonily at Time. It has seen much. knows more. It has suffered. Still the melancholy sounds from the stately fountain of the inner court sing desolately to the statue of Pope Julius the Second that stands severely silent in its mantled niche. This same Holy Father, at one time past, had presented a sword of state to James the Fourth, the Defender of the Faith, but now that sword lay gravely in the cold stiff hands of that dead Monarch. Was it to be the lot of that sturdily-framed child with a red puckered face, who was emitting shrill wails within those walls, to lift that sword from the ground and shatter the timelessness of Time as a glorious Queen of Scotland?

Born in the snow-canopied Palace of Linlithgow from the union of James the Fifth of Scotland and Mary de Lorraine, the widowed duchess of Longueville, Mary Stuart was the infant possessor of the ambitious blood of the Stuarts and the arrogant desires of the House of Guise.

Raids, murder, bribery, fire, and rapine

could not gain the acceptance of these dour Highlanders to Henry the Eighth's proposal of marriage between Mary and his son, Edward. In the midst of these ruthless devastations, Henri the Second of France sent d'Esse to Scotland with the statement that he desired an indissoluble amity of France and Scotland to be brought about by a union of the dauphin, Francois, and the infant queen, Mary. Thus we find Mary Stuart, not yet six years old, standing on the high deck of Villegaignon's galley and watching with wide wet eyes the receding shore of Scotland, soon to behold the little port of Roscoff spread its rocky arms to welcome her as the future queen of France.

At Saint-Germain-en-Laye Mary now entered into a new life as a princess. The glittering processional of Henri's Catholic Court, passing like a pageant across the lintel of her childhood and youth, was to shape her life, mold her thought, and prepare her (paradoxically enough) to rule a bleak northern kingdom where the Word of God was the ranting of John Knox.

To Diane de Poitiers, the Duchess de Valentinois, fell the task of preparing for Mary's education. In the years that followed it was this same Duchess who kept a kindly and motherly eye upon this Under her guidance, Mary's days passed between minutes of instruction and hours of pleasure. There were Latin and Greek to be crammed into her well-combed head. There were smiling priests to inculcate into her soul the doctrines of Rome. There were dancing masters mincing along stone floors to illustrate the slow steps of the "pavane," and teachers of music to guide small fingers in the intricacies of the cittern, the harp, and the harpsichord. There were mistresses of the needle to explain the complications of curious designs in embroidery. There were exercises in singing, in verse-making under the tutelage of Monsieur de Ronsard, and many books to read — the classics and even such lighter tales as the histories of Amadis de Gaul and Ogier the Dane. All this discipline in the fine art of being a great lady, Mary seemed to welcome.

The muttered colloquies of suavetongued statesmen, the low-voiced conferences between Catherine de Medici and Constable Anne de Montmorency, the consultations of her insolently-assured uncles, the fine-spun Machiavellianism of calculating Hugenots, all came to Mary's ear, but the meaning of these intrigues came to her mind through the purged grape-vine of her Guise uncles. In diplomacy, therefore, she learned primarily that she was a Guise and that for the glory of God she must uphold the House of Guise as she upheld the religion which was the only True Church. Mary's knowledge of diplomacy came as information from the Cardinal de Lorraine, doctored in such fashion that she could but regard it with a mind directed by the strong will of her uncle. His explanation was her conviction.

The sudden death of Henri the Second added a tragic understanding to Mary's education. Then followed the death of her mother, Mary de Lorraine. After that she truly must have felt that there was very little to cling to, that she, a mere girl, was placed on a glittering apex of fortune and sustained there only by lean, avaricious hands through whose veins ran no warmth of affection. Curiously enough, her mother had been a

faithful, loving servant to her, and nowhere in the world was she to find any one more constant in affection and trust.

Thus, life in France ably fitted Mary to assume her role of Queen of Scotland. When she sailed from those sunny shores Mary was well versed in Catholicism, well trained for a queen, well matured by tragedy, well steeped in diplomacy, and well learned in the arts. Hers was surely a character and education meant to fill a royal throne.

But standing in the stern of her galley, Mary was convinced that she had left behind her all that was fair and joyous and compact of love in her life to be greeted by slate-gray skies and a coast dimly descried through the mournful mists that had settled about the smelly piers of Leith. Not by troops of resplendent nobles was she welcomed, but by a sleety, windy dawn and a curious circle of Scottish fisherfolk and merchants, and deeply did Mary feel that she was being borne bodily to her doom.

Now it is that the dramas, which I have perused, shall take up the task of picturing the person of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. Still it is necessary to keep openly in mind Mary's previous education in France if we are, in any way, to form an opinion regarding this puppet of history, as she creates the annals of Scotland.

* * *

Forth from the fog-banked clouds of misty London comes Algernon Charles Swinburne's *Mary Stuart*. Throughout this rather verbose drama we see Mary Stuart, not as a regal-robed ruler, but as an exotic creation of beauty. Never does she depend upon her power as Queen of Scotland to gain ascendancy in

any matter, personal or political. To her, this is not lady-like and, therefore, beneath the dignity and necessity of a woman possessing her natural grace and charm. Even in the face of disloyalty, feminine generosity and trust find a ready sponsor in this deep-feeling queen. Love and kindness, earthly passion and material desires have not been banished from Mary's soul by the jeweled crown of power. Mary, as Swinburne presents her, places love before all else as a woman's weapon in life.

But love is not all. There is another phase to Mary's character. Toward her subjects she is always open; toward Elizabeth, she proves her cunning to be comparable to any, though she never stoops to haughtiness or arrogance. In the admiring words of Babington we see, indeed, a strange combination of woman and queen!

"Hath she not been found Most wary still, clear-sighted, bright of wit,

Keen as a sword's edge, as a bird's eye swift,

Man-hearted ever?"

When finally Elizabeth summons this captive queen to appear before the civil court of England, Mary cleverly dissembles the false testimony confronting her and proves to Elizabeth's jury that she is dying not for doing wrong, but because Old Bess fears so potent a rival so near her ill-ascended throne. Without a defense Mary, at this unfair trial, is called upon to utilize the keen diplomatic training taught her at the Court of France; yet never does she taint the moral victory that she gains by deceit or hypocrisy. That she leaves to her less

conscientious cousin. But with a firmness and constancy that denotes bold courage, Mary declares the futility of the charges brought against her!

"Well, all is one to me: and for my part

I thank God I shall die without regret Of anything that I have done alive."

Swinburne's main tenet seems to be his insistence on portraying Mary as a staunch adherent to the Catholic Faith. Openly she denounces the Anglican Church in favor of the True Faith. Fearlessly she accuses Elizabeth of demanding her life on this account. Seemingly Swinburne holds that Mary died as a martyr for God and Catholicism:

". . . none save the Pope Will I acknowledge for the Church's head."

By her death Mary foils Elizabeth's desire of seeing a broken, dishonored queen, for she mounts the black-shrouded scaffold garlanded with the laurels of bravery, humility, and martyrdom. As Mary prepares to taste the axeman's steel, Lord Shrewsburg, Elizabeth's secretary, says of her,

"See where she comes, a queenlier thing to see

Than whom such thoughts take hold on."

* * *

In his *Mary Stuart*, John Drinkwater presents this Scottish Queen primarily as a woman of circumstance. Mary herself says, "We become what we are for ever. We are part of life for ever." As this woman of circumstance, Mary is a woman possessing an ardent heart, a sym-

pathetic nature, and a burning desire to live as do other women. She constantly exhibits her enamoured soul in a song which she repeatedly sings throughout the play:

"Though brighter wit I had than these Their cunning brought me down; But Mary's love-story shall please Better than their renown.

Mary the lover be my tale
For the wise men to tell
When Moray joins Elizabeth
And Lethington in Hell."

Thus, through his entire drama, John Drinkwater paints Mary Stuart as a love-starved woman who vainly tries to find a moment's satisfaction in the three men who were nearest her, viz., Rizzio, Darnley and Bothwell, in everything but love. At every turn Mary is a loving, beautiful, enchanting woman who answers the amorous whisperings of her heart rather than heed the more wise advice of a keen-witted mind.

Even though she mortally hates her weak-livered husband, Darnley, Mary is always faithful to her matrimonial vows. Her love and passion are valiantly held in check, excepting for a fleeting moment of hungry bliss in the arms of Bothwell. From that instant a queen's duty wages a losing fight against a woman's tender affections. Regardless of this love for Bothwell, Mary gives ample proof of her strong will power when, in the hours of Darnley's illness, she cares for him personally and showers on him all the warmth of a sympathetic nature. It was truly a staunch woman's heart that prompted her to attempt saving Darnley's life at Kirk o' Field, when she

learned of the plot against him.

In diplomatic relations, Mary is never outwitted by her English rival, Elizabeth. Despite the fact that she hates Elizabeth and realizes that some day soon this English ruler will be her conqueror through the power of superior forces, Mary never willingly yields a point. Constantly she employs her numerous personal resources to outsmart this scheming opponent.

Still, Drinkwater's main theme is a portrayal of Mary Stuart as a modern woman of circumstance, unhappy and married to the wrong man, yet strongly always loyal and reserved in the face of her sad plight. Speaking of her marital difficulties, Mary says, "Unhappily with him too. Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell. You must not breathe a word of Bothwell, Beaton. That must not be known. But they make a poor, shabby company. Riccio sings, yes, ravishingly. more. Darnley cannot sing even, and he's my husband. Just a petulance one cannot even be sorry for it. How he hates Riccio — I wish David were better worth hating. That would be something. And Bothwell wants to take me with a swagger. It's a good swagger, but that's the end of it. I think he will take me yet, the odds against him are pitiful enough. But it's a barren stock of lovers, Beaton. I, who could have made the greatest greater." This is, indeed, a sad lament for a life that is passing swiftly to the grave without once fulfilling the desires of the living person. Truly this is a foiled woman of a circumstance quite certain.

* * *

Seemingly parodying the bold inscription emblazoned on Mary's canopy of

state, "En ma fin est mon commencement," John Masefield titled his dramatic account of this Scottish Queen, *End and Beginning*. In truly fine dramatic poetry we catch a vivid picture of Mary Stuart in her regal role as a dignified, poised Queen of Scotland.

As she erectly steps from the pages of Masefield's drama, Mary is first and foremost a queen, in word as well as deed. But she is a queen who desires an amicable understanding to exist between everyone, even her treacherous persecutrix, Elizabeth. Fear is unknown to this peerless, courageous sovereign even though the sneering shadow of death is slowly enveloping her comely figure. On her final day in the sun, when the rolling drums summon her to the executioner's block, a serene, majestic halo seems to surround her and cause her to speak these queenly words:

- "God of His Grace called me to be a Queen.
- I have been anointed and sacred as a Queen.
- I hold my dignity of Him alone To Him I will resign it, with my soul."

In these noble words Mary proves herself to possess, even in the hour of her extremity, those staunch, virile qualities of character that are so necessary for a ruler of men.

In death, as in life, Mary commands the admiration of all who come into visual contact with her beauty and captivating charm. In the status of a martyred queen she emanates more fully a rich radiance that touches the hearts of her most rabid enemies. In homage to her beauty one noble says,

"She is beautiful
In the world's heart, and human policy
Has done its worst upon her and yet
failed."

Likewise, in paying tribute to this exquisite flower of earth, a maid exclaims,

"Like a fair day, she has been more beautiful

At sunset."

Following the well-trodden path inscribed by Swinburne and Drinkwater, John Masefield presents Mary Stuart as a martyr for her religion. When, in no uncertain terms, Mary declares herself innocent of the treasonous charge brought against her,

"I take God

To witness on this Testament, that never

Never did I desire, seek nor favour The killing of your Queen,"

even then the English jury ask her to renounce her allegiance to the Catholic Church. This she steadfastly refuses to do, and willingly accepts the blessed balm of death which will set her shriven soul free from the troublesome trials of earth. With the fervent love of a devoted Catholic, Mary welcomes the axe of martyrdom:

"Oh the glorious thought
"That I am chosen to die for such a cause."

Then, as her hours grow few, we see this tired queen as a pleading petitioner to the powerful Throne on high. With feverish lips she begs mercy and forgiveness for her executioners, especially poor illusioned Elizabeth. No sooner does her loving face fall free from her body than we hear a hidden voice pronounce this momentous judgment upon her soul:

"And know the nightmare over, that has been

Living on earth a prisoner and a queen. What then shall follow, shall be what she wrought:

The faith, the hope, the charity of her thought."

* * *

From out of the towering mountains of our Golden West comes the virile voice of Maxwell Anderson, putting "in full flooding beauty" his mental image of Mary of Scotland. Here we see a different Mary — a Mary who possesses the glamour, the romantic beauty, the tender loveliness of a woman who holds in hand the imagination of the world. Maxwell Anderson's Mary is not the stately, staid queen who mounted the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle, but a lovely, tragic, living woman doomed to defeat by her own high faith in the essential goodness of mankind and her too great love of living.

Fresh from the sun-warmed shores of France, Mary comes to this dour country filled with the spark of youthful ambition and a firm resolve to hold her heritage through the charm of her winning, gracious ways. How clearly can we not picture this half-blossomed woman saying these innocent words? "They are sweeter here than in France, as I recall, and all fruits are sweeter here, of those that grow — and the summer's sweeter—"

But let us not be hasty in condemning Mary as a flippant idealist, for her idealism was born of a mind that was keen

and well-trained. She realized that many black clouds shadowed her path; still hers was the determination to scatter them by a dauntless, smiling tolerance. Randolph, England's Minister to Scotland, says of her, "As for the person of Marie, our new Queen, I must say in truth that she is of high carriage, beautiful in a grave way."

Being an impulsive woman, Mary disdained all semblance of diplomatic trickery and deceit. Too patently had she seen the sad results of such dealing, and for herself, she desired to avoid the yawning pit of diplomacy into which her cunning uncles of Guise had fallen. In all political relations, Mary was frank and gentle:

"I have been queen of France — a child-queen and foolish

But one thing I did learn, that to rule gently

Is to rule wisely. The knives you turn on your people

You must some day take in your breast."

Though young in years, Mary's mind had assimilated a surprisingly large store of wisdom. In France, between many hours of revelry, knowledge found time to sow fruitful seed. This her ministers soon learned, as Maitland clearly states:

"What I thought then
I can say now, for you are wiser even
Than I had supposed."

In her love for Bothwell we see Mary, the woman, naked of all regal sophistication. There she stands a woman, twice tricked by Cupid, madly rushing forth freely to give a heart still virgin in love and lips full-fertile with nectared satisfaction. Listen as a woman, mighty with love, breathes forth flaming fire in these simple words of longing:

"Oh Bothwell!

I was wrong! I loved you all the time and denied you!

Forgive me — even too late."

Here again that woman, as the waters of fickle fate slowly turn the red-hot flames of her love to death-like, cold embers of lasting separation:

"God help me and all women

Here in this world, and all men. Fair fall all chances

The heart can long for — and let all women and men

Drink deep while they can their happiness. It goes fast

And never comes again. Mine goes with you,

Youth, and the fund of dreams, and to lie a while

Trusted, in arms you trust. We're alone, alone

Alone — even while we lie there we're alone,

For it's false. It will end. Each one dies alone."

Note finally the thin, torn threads on which that woman would hang her life for a love that is being broken:

"Yes, if you can. Aye, among all tides And driftings of air and water it may be

Some dust that once was mine will touch again

Dust that was yours. I'll not bear it! Oh God,

I'll not bear it!

Take me with you! Let us be slaves and pick

Our keep from kitchen middens and leavings! Let us

Quarrel over clouts and fragments, but not apart —

Bothwell, that much we could have!"

Is this a queen, or is this a woman as God created her — a living, loving, paining star that man bends down and breathlessly adores?

Though cruelly deprived of the consoling solace of love, Mary Stuart rises far above her cousin, Elizabeth, for there still remains the fruit of her womb to shatter the blank darkness of her death and hoist her name to the high blue heavens:

"And still I win.

A demon has no children, and you have none,

Will have none, can have none, perhaps. This crooked track

You've drawn me on, cover it, let it not be believed

That a woman was a fiend. Yes, cover it deep,

And heap my infamy over it, lest men peer

And catch sight of you as you were and are. In myself

I know you to be an eater of dust. Leave me here

And set me lower this year by year, as you promise,

Till the last is an oubliette, and my name inscribed

On the four winds. Still, Still I win! I have been

A woman, and I have loved as a woman loves,

Lost as a woman loses. I have borne a son,

And he will rule Scotland — and England. You have no heir!

A devil has no children."

* * *

Last, in chronological order, comes the drama, Queen of Scots, written by a woman, Gordon Daviot (Elizabeth Mackintosh). Viewing Mary, in the light of one woman to another, Gordon Daviot draws a somewhat differentiated portrayal from those presented by the preceding male admirers. No longer is Mary on a pedestal, for now we see her standing on equal grounds with other women. Truly, she is astonishingly beautiful, but still there lurks in her symmetrical contour some faint shadow of weakness.

Drawing freely upon her knowledge of a woman's heart, Daviot sees Mary Stuart as a queen who harbored in her soul a distasteful bitterness toward bonnie Scotland and its rugged, bearded people. Never, during her reign, is Mary liberated from a poignant longing to once again inhale the balmy zephyrs of gay, sunny France. Mary does, however, make an earnest effort to shake off these clinging shackles of aversion toward her kingdom, but is unable to find an engaging substitute. A tragic note of desperation and fatalism creeps into her words when she speaks of this to Lord James Stuart: "I know what you are feeling. This means much to you, doesn't it, this grey country? It was yours, in a way, until I came. And you are angry, not because I have taken it from you, but because I cannot love it as you do. Oh, I know. I know what it is to love a country and lose it. Fate has made sport of us both, my lord."

Here we see a lonely woman begging for the sympathy of a man. This is one of the many moments of weakness to which

this womanly queen is subject. That greedy desire to rule, so prominent in most sovereigns, was sadly lacking in this Scottish Queen. God created her a queen; fate gave her a kingdom; still neither supplied in her the necessary qualities to weather successfully the rough, choppy waters of a stormy sea.

Deviating somewhat from the picturepath of most dramatists, Gordon Daviot finds in Mary Stuart a faint strain of haughtiness and pride, which, happily enough, is never allowed to flame into a cold, cruel arrogance. Rather, it is a weak pride that feeds on the milk of flattery and speaks only in her almost fanatical desire to outstrip her rival, Elizabeth, in all matters of personal appearance and amorous conquests. Lavishly does Mary flaunt her pulchritude to gain a policy of state; still she holds her modesty and purity behind the steel-barred doors of will power. In speaking of her unsoiled innocence, Bothwell says, "You'd think neither of you had ever had a woman in your lives. Do you seriously think Rizzio is her lover? Why she doesn't even know what love is! She's afraid of it! Hates the thought of it."

In the presence of illness Mary is deeply touched and tenderly sympathetic. When Darnley is taken to his bed at Kirk o' Field, she does everything a faithful wife could do to make him comfortable. No effort is too great for her energetic and conscientious spirit. Regardless of her personal tastes she remains near his bedside and goes so far as to risk her own safety when she learns of the ruthless plot to murder him. For a fleeting moment Mary is free of her position as Queen of Scotland, but only for a moment, but that is enough.

Immediately following Darnley's death, Mary tries to hide behind the scepter of state. In a hesitant, rather reluctant manner she accepts Bothwell's passionate advances not in the hope of ever becoming a real woman, but with a need of sharing her pressing burdens with a stalwart, courageous man, and in the secret hope of gaining at least a morsel of bliss to satiate the crying emptiness in her heart. Gordon Daviot presents her marriage to Bothwell more as a matter of policy and expediency. In regard to this, Mary's nurse says, "She needs someone, poor lassie. She means well, but she's headstrong, like her poor father before her, and she makes mistakes and it weighs on her mind, and her pride's hurt, and so things just go from bad to worse."

From the pages of this drama, Mary comes forth as a queen, though she constantly longs to be a woman and act as her compassionate heart dictates. This can be seen in her impulsive words to Lord James: "Oh, James, my dear, forget the Queen of France and Scotland and remember only the small girl you were so kind to at Inchmahome, the small Mary who got the lion's share of the comfits." Still at no time does she completely shed the mantle of sovereignty. Her staunch belief in the divine right of kings militates too strongly against the weak whisperings of her inner heart.

* * *

From the day of her inauspicious return to Scotland until that hour when the sun's light no longer burned her eyes, this Scottish Queen constantly found herself the focal-point of interest, of argument, and of fantastic dark schemes. Though, at this time, she was forty-five years old, gray-haired and pathetically

crippled in her arms and legs from a long series of rheumatic attacks, she was still the glowing oriflamme of Roman Catholic youth, the wronged queen, the abused Defender of the Faith, and the rightful ruler of a nation. To this unfortunate woman, who languished for twelve anxious years in prison, where those ancient accusations of murder, immorality and misgovernment because smothered in the dust of swift-heeled Time, there is attached a legendary significance. Instead of the beautiful, confident, young queen who ceased to exist some years before at Sheffield, Mary died a despairing, middleaged woman, but in her place there rises, phoenix-like, a flaming apparition that is less mortal than mythological, and which enshrines her in that immortal pantheon that includes Iseult and Helen of Troy and Deirdre.

Before that day at Sheffield that flashing, fighting figure carved her niche in this lasting pageant of historical womanhood. But within the adamant shell of this figure there moves a decisive, ambitious woman who, in life, displayed great prowess of activity as well as unusual powers of dissidence. But now that woman is no longer. Misfortune and imprisonment have aged her, drawing tiny dark lines about the eyes and filling out the strong firm chin, but hers is still the

face of a queen and she the woman, who had been the inspiration of Ronsard's starry songs.

But as one peers out into the ghostly, curling mists of night rising against the impenetrable darkness one can picture Mary Stuart moving her rheumatic, bloated limbs slowly across the damp floor of her prison room — a tall blackgarmented woman whose steel-grey hair are hidden beneath a large braided wig, and whose labored approach is foretold by the rattling of religious medals, rosary beads and crucifix dangling from her belt. Her voice is soft and clear in its quaint Anglicized Scottish accent. The knuckles of her slim, graceful hands are swollen and cracked, but her body dispenses a refreshing odor of youthful perfume. Though her dancing, laughing days are long gone by, the lilting swing of music gives her constant delight. She is adored by her household, and toward this small retinue Mary exhibits an amiability and sweetness that is as charming as it is unique among crowned heads. This is the true Mary whose charm is so great that she can ignore formalities and yet retain the dignity and respect of a queen. Still Mary died, a lifeless corpse, a waxen replica of that queen whose enchantments had once bewildered Scotland and delighted the gay Court of France.



THOMAS HARROCKE--FUGITIVE

By George J. Lubeley '39

The underbrush at the edge of the jungle was madly thrust aside. Into the clearing stumbled a man with clothes in tatters, beard unkempt, his mind half crazed by the thirst of a tropical fever. The scene that unfolded before his eyes drew an exclamation of joy from the man's parched lips. Below him, in a verdant valley, lay a native village nestled on both sides of a bubbling stream which was constantly subject to the change of tides in the bay that tossed its waves against the shore not a quarter of a mile east of the village.

A stone-cold hand with long lean fingers chiseled by the master sculptor, Hunger, trembled with expectation and undernourishment as it shielded a pair of scrutinizing eyes from the glaring tropical sun. No, the scene was not an illusion. After two days of almost constant search about the island he had literally stumbled upon the objects of his hunt — shelter and food. Food! The very thought of it drove him down the slope as swiftly as tangled underbrush, dangling vines and fallen trees would permit. Twice he fell. Twice he rose and stumbled on, rushing forward like a madman when every now and then he caught a glimpse of the thatched huts below. But that final plunge down the hill proved to be too much for his stamina to bear. Scarcely had he entered the village when suddenly his step faltered and he slumped into the dust, unconscious. The curious natives gathered around him, then awkwardly bore him into one of the huts.

Who was the wretch? Perhaps if we paused long enough to examine the musty records of the former English penal colony at Sydney, Australia, we could see his name, Thomas Harrocke, scratched on one side of the register, with an addition in the form of the laconic remark "Escaped." How he managed to gain his liberty is to this day a hidden fact. Furthermore, of the methods he used in traversing the three thousand miles of ocean separating Sydney from the island of Ponapi even less is known. We have discovered, however, that he did not commit the crime for the punishment of which he had been sent to Sydney. The fact that he was innocent is probably the reason underlying his escape. For from the knowledge we have of the integrity of his character, we can safely say that had he been guilty he would have taken his punishment convinced that he deserved it.

For weeks in that filthy hut on Ponapi, Harrocke hovered at death's door. Finally when his fever did subside he arose a broken and discouraged man. Previous to his sickness a certain daring had characterized his actions. The thought of beating his way back to civilization despite the dangers of being captured and returned to Sydney, had now given way to the more sane plan of awaiting an opportunity in which practically all unnecessary risk would be absent.

At one side of the entrance to the harbor there arose from the water a lofty,

THOMAS HARROCKE — FUGITIVE

cragged cliff on the top of which the fugitive built himself a tiny abode of cane interlaced with vines and covered with the broad leaf of the cocoanut. On this vantage point Harrocke would occasionally stand for hours, gazing upon the life of the friendly natives in the village and the beauties of practically the entire island. No wonder the natives named him "Shawaka" (the dreamer). Strange though it is, while constantly becoming more and more attached to beauty's haunts on the island, he never lost that desire to return to the world, to clothe himself in the ways of a civilized man again and forget that haunt of beasts.

He had waited fourteen years before the long-desired opportunity finally made its appearance. On April 1, 1865, Shenandoah, the Confederate States' steamship, dropped anchor in the harbor. You can imagine the joy that was Harrocke's when Captain Waddell, being in dire need of a larger crew, offered to ship him as one of his men and to obtain citizenship papers for him in the Confederate States upon the completion of his voyage. With tears of happiness in his eyes the little man repaired to the cliff to collect the few trinkets he had acquired during his sojourn at Ponapi.

After an almost sleepless night in his hut he arose in the chill hours of the morning and began a farewell trip through the jungle — the jungle that was after fourteen years almost a part of him. On either side of the path the wilderness shot skyward with the foliage joining high above in a tall, almost symmetrical Gothic arch, the trees being stalwart pillars supporting that vast dome. The complete scene reminded him of a majestic European cathedral. All day long he wan-

dered dreamily through the underbrush; wild birds warbled their most harmonious farewells; brooks gurgled merrily over their beds; a waterfall caught the sun's rays and transferred them into a symphony of a hundred colors; all nature seemed to unite in a majestic farewell to a true friend.

That evening Harrocke was seated near the edge of the cliff bordering the harbor when the sun reached the water's edge and hung there hesitantly in a dramatic flare preparatory to making his final plunge into the waves. During those precious moments ocean, sky and land were ablaze in all the glory of a tropical sunset — the waters dyed a blood red; the sky tinted in purple, white, red, pink and blue.

Hours later with the former prisoner as a spectator, the moonbeams danced a golden adieu on the rolling waters of the harbor. From deep in the jungle all the fragrance of the night air was wafted toward him on the ghost-like arms of an evening zephyr. A breaker beat itself blindly against the base of the cliff; another, and yet a third. The bubbles of foam and silver spray were caught momentarily in the moonlight, glittering like so many diamonds as they met the blue depths in a million little splashes. Tomorrow, Harrocke would leave that paradise forever in favor of a world that had cheated him of home, loved ones, the best years of his life. He gazed at the stars that studded the velvety blue heavens. They winked at one another sagely.

The Shenandoah sailed the following day with as many hands on deck as she had the morning she cast anchor in the harbor of Ponapi.

ZOLLVEREIN

By Edwin Johnson '39

Zollverein! In the etymology of the word itself we can reach but one conclusion; our subject is going to deal with the problem of tariff or customs duties. Taken from the German, the word "zollverein" is derived from two words "zoll," meaning tax, and "verein," meaning union; a combination of both gives us the derivative, tax or customs union. As the word itself is German, we can readily see that the Zollverein deals with the customs and tariff in Germany. With this brief introduction we can delve into the tariff situation in Germany at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The German trade system in the early nineteenth century was as restrictive as the government of the German States could make it. Freedom of commercial intercourse was unheard of. Prussia, the largest of the German States, had a system which considered freedom of trade on a treaty basis, but there are few historical instances wherein this treaty was employed. At the opening of the nineteenth century neither Prussia nor any other German State was pursuing a commercial policy which can be considered liberal. On the contrary, all maintained protective laws in the interest of both agriculture and industry, applicable not only to the products of purely foreign states, but to those of each of the two hundred large and small German States as well. Nor was this all; for some of the larger kingdoms and duchies were broken up into several distinct customs areas, each with its own tariff walls. In 1800 there were in operation in Prussia more than sixty different tariffs, covering approximately three thousand articles of trade. These tariffs ranged from the extreme protectionism of the oldest provinces to the low tariff arrangement of certain of the newer provinces of the east.

From this situation sprung numerous evils. The multiplicity of these tariff barriers prevented normal trade expansion. An enormous burden of administration had to be imposed in order to keep up the collection of taxes and customs duties. Smuggling of goods from one section to another was practiced on a wholesale basis by organized classes of lawbreakers.

Consolidations which took place in Germany during the Napoleonic period bettered the situation somewhat. Nevertheless, in 1815, there remained thirty-eight states (after 1817 thirty-nine), each with its complicated external and internal tariffs. The Prussian administration and the inhabitants of the country had always been favorable to free trade. On October 28, 1810, some customs simplifications and reductions had been effected, but the reconstruction of the kingdom in 1814-15, however, involved the incorporation of many new or recovered

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territories to which the measures of 1810 did not apply, thereby making the situation almost as complicated as before. Impelled by the spirit of earlier reformers, the government of Frederic William III gave the subject prompt and intelligent attention.

At the opening of the year 1817, the finance minister, Count Von Bulow, prepared a comprehensive plan for the readjustment of both customs and excises, which, after the introduction of some modifications, became a law under the of May 26, 1818, and went into effect in January, 1819. The purpose of the reform was in part administrative and in part political, in that the law was expected at the same time to simplify the collection of duties, to break up the evil of smuggling, to render possible the easier flow of trade, to produce increased revenue, and to bind the provinces into a more compact union. By the terms of the measure all internal customs barriers were abolished, and the country was for the first time made a fiscal unit; the importation of raw materials was made free; a duty averaging ten percent was imposed on imported manufactures, the rates being until 1862 somewhat higher in the eastern provinces than in the western; and all prohibitions upon importation were abolished except in respect to salt and playing cards which were government monopolies. Altogether the system provided was far more liberal than that prevailing at the time in any other continental country. Even in England, in 1826, Huskinson, an English leader, expressed the hope that the time would come when his country "would follow Prussia's example."

Next in importance in the development of the tariff in Germany was the building up, under Prussian leadership, of the Zollverein or customs union. The policy which Prussia first adopted toward her German neighbors, after 1818, was one enforced commercial assimilation. Many of the small States in the north, among them the several "enclaves," i.e., areas entirely surrounded by Prussian territory,1 were compelled to accept arrangements under which trade between them and Prussia was made free, while Prussia administered the common customs system upon a pro-rata basis.

Not unnaturally this policy aroused apprehension among the larger States of the center and north. After a series of fruitless negotiations certain of these States drew together into two unions, both designed primarily to counteract the influence of the union which had been engineered under Prussian auspices. One of these affiliations in the south, consisting of Bavaria and Wuerttemberg, took place in 1825. By irresistible tendencies, chiefly those of self interest, however, the members of these groups were drawn toward, and eventually into, the Prussian union. The discontinuance of the policy of enforced absorption was the means Prussia used to inveigle these states into joining.

Prussia now introduced the principle of voluntary co-operation. As early as 1825 agreements were effected whereby Hesse-Darmstadt became a member of the Zollverein. In 1831 Hesse-Cassel joined. In 1833, following prolonged negotiations, Bavaria and Wuerttemberg came in and the Southern Union was abandoned. Saxony forthwith followed,

^{1.} e.g., Lippe-Saxe-Weimar, Schwarzburg-Rudoldstadt, and Schwarzburg-Sondershausen.

accompanied by the Thuringian States. By the opening of 1834, the Zollverein included seventeen States, with a population of some twenty-five millions, and an area comprising at least two-thirds of the territory from which the German Empire was to be eventually formed. After this splurge the union advanced more slowly. Baden, Nassau, and Hesse-Hamburg joined in 1835; Frankfort in 1836; Waldeck in 1838; and Lippe-Detmold and Luxemburg in 1842. Hanover held out until 1851; Oldenburg until 1852. By 1852 the whole of Germany was included except Austria, the Mecklenburgs, Hamburg, Bremen, and Rubeck.

The principle of the Zollverein's action was this: the whole territory embraced by the union formed commercially, in regard at least to countries beyond its limits, one State. Duties on exports, imports, and through passports were collected at all the frontiers of the union according to a uniform tariff, subject, however, to concessions, made on special grounds, to individual States. All of the proceeds of these collections, after operating expenses had been paid were divided among the members of the union in proportion to the population of the State. Mainly, the tariff of the Zollverein was the Prussian tariff of 1818, and comduties on prised, therefore, moderate manufactures, with freedom of import for raw materials and some manufactured articles required in industry. The policy in regard to the internal trade of the union was somewhat different. The duties on articles manufactured for home consumption were different in the various States; thus, a complicated system of drawbacks came into play in order to put the commerce of all on an equal footing. These drawbacks were settled when an agreement was formed making a uniform system of weights and measures for all Germany.

Forming the Zollverein was the most important coup in German History. It even surpassed the wars of liberation. It was a deed of peace, a white flag, accomplishing more than many a battle won. German merchants traded as freely within the Zollverein as they would have had Germany been a united nation. At the same time these German manufacturers were protected against the competition of their French and English competitors by the common custom tariff.

Under the auspices of the Zollverein German industry increased by leaps and bounds. German factory owners could now afford the gamble of introducing machine production, because the manufactured products were protected by the clauses of the Zollverein. It was the bold plunge of these factory owners that brought about the Industrial Revolution in Germany. Hand labor was supplanted by machinery, new factories sprung up everywhere, and Germany was launched on a new industrial era.

Economic union, brought about in the interests of merchants and manufacturers with Prussia as its head, paved the way for German political union. This materialistic union was but a prelude to the unification political of the German States; the Zollverein was the best and most effective preparation for the German federal State or for the German Empire of later days. The business man learned to disregard the State boundaries, and to think of the Zollverein as a nation. Railroads were built linking the country together. The bourgeoisie class in Ger-

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many grew and started clamoring for a voice in government. We can easily see that the prime effect of the Zollverein in Germany was to unify the country and to bring about political reform.

Economically the blessings of the Zoll-verein began to show themselves in the increasing sum total of the amount of commerce and in the regular growing customs incomes of the various States. These revenues, for example, increased between 1834 and 1842 from twelve to twenty-one million thalers.² Foreign countries began to look with respect and envy on this commercial unity of Germany. They also prophesied the results which could not fail to come, the unifi-

cation of Germany.

Thus we can easily see that the change in Germany, socially, economically, and politically actually occurred because of the tie that bound, the Zollverein. Having served its purpose, the Zollverein in its original form disappeared in 1866, after having been renewed in 1865 for the third time. By a treaty of 1867 between the North German States and the South German States, a new customs union was erected, upon principles highly favorable to free trade. The Zollverein was then dead in activity, but in German History it will always stand as the first milestone on the road to unity.

CATSKILL INTERLUDE

By Raymond Barrett '40

S leepy Hollow, a rambling little old town nestled away among the Catskill Mountains, has seldom failed to impress the visitor with its drowsy atmosphere and little Dutch houses on the long, shady avenues made famous by Washington Irving in his famous legend.

How many, however, who passed through it last summer were aware of the epoch-making developments brewing in this quaint little community? Surely few people can ever boast of a more thrilling tale than that of the amazing invention of Willoughby Speck, the local Edison, and the equally awe-inspiring capture of a desperate thief by the town detective, Sherlock Slye. Although many have heard of the incidents, how many know the true story? It follows directly as I heard it from the lips of Lon Kennedy, publisher and editor of the Sleepy Hollow Gazette.

Willoughby Speck, the co-hero of our little drama, was at one time a barrel maker in a pickle factory, but fate and circumstances had conspired to lose for him this very desirable position. Contrary to expectations, Willoughby did

^{2.} Thaler — Three marks, or in American money 71.4 cents.

not take the blow too badly. After all he had never married, and being frugal by nature, had succeeded in saving up a tidy sum against the proverbial rainy day. For many years, too, Willoughby had carried a secret desire locked within his bosom. Some people carry with them to their grave the unfilled desire to be an actor; others write plays and hide them away in the attic; many a shiny-pated business man has a lurking admiration for the swaggering devil-may-care adventurer of fiction. Willoughby Speck wanted to be an inventor! From his boyhood he had envied these fortunate few who rose to fame and fortune by the seemingly simple process of giving something new to the world. For a long time Willoughby had been nursing a few choice notions concerning perpetual motion and subjects of a like pattern. However, it is doubtful whether he would ever have summoned up the courage to follow his avocation had not circumstances, as already mentioned, presented the opportunity to him.

Thus, having the opportunity laid in his lap, he moved to Sleepy Hollow, and renting an old garage near the edge of town, settled down to a life of tinkering away at various impractical ideas. After laboring over a year on the idea of perpetual motion he gave it up as impossible and attempted less revolutionary theories. Accordingly his Everlasting Match soon appeared on the counters of Sleepy Hollow merchants, to be followed in a short time by his Lightning Potato Peeler, which proved to be a great success with the housewives of the vicinity.

Having thus found good luck with these simpler devices, Willoughby was once again inspired to more spectacular contrivances. A few months passed, and then the word was given out that Mr. Speck had actually had a brain child patented in Washington. The cause of the excitement proved to be the great Patented Thief-Proof Messenger Bag which Willoughby confidently expected would practically wipe crime from the face of the earth. Great as his anticipations were, however, it was apparently destined to be a glorious failure until Wonderly Hash, proprietor of the Weeping Knot Lumber Mills, unexpectedly gave impetus to the sales by ordering a dozen for his payroll messengers.

The principle of the bag was simple. The bottom had a trap door secured by a catch to which a black thread was attached. When the bag was being used the thread was tied round the messenger's leg where it proved invisible. Upon the attempt of thieves to grab the bag, the thread released the catch, whereupon the trap door opened and a pile of firecrackers fell to the ground where they promptly enlivened things in the vicinity to such an extent that the would-be robber, it was presumed, would be entirely satisfied merely to escape from the fire-spitting parcel. Before we explain how it performed in action, though, let us look at the other agent in that thrilling drama which followed.

Sherlock Slye had been just another character about Sleepy Hollow until one day it was announced that he had decided on a career and was already enrolled for a Correspondence School Detective Course. For nine months after this momentous step he laboriously studied his various courses in fingerprinting, clues, and the like, while his family proudly looked on. At last the great day

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of graduation arrived, and the entire neighborhood, attired in Sunday best, journeyed to the Post Office where the Postmaster presented the diploma, just arrived, and gave a stirring address on the opportunities for success open to a bright and industrious young man.

At first there was very little in the way of business, but after Sherlock had sent for a kit of disguises to a New York mail-order house, public interest was again awakened and he was given a few minor cases. These, dealing mainly with strayed livestock or stolen buggies, required no special make-up, but always our sleuth donned sinister mustachios and a long black cape before approaching the field of investigations. Although he had displayed a fair degree of success, cases were naturally so few and far between that of late our sterling investigator had been appearing rather seedy.

However, getting back to the messenger bags, Mr. Hash purchased a dozen and instructed the paymaster to put them into use on the following pay day. This was done, and for several months the money was transferred back and forth as per usual.

Suddenly one day, as a messenger walked along Sleepy Hollow's Main Street on his return from the bank, an armed man appeared from a doorway and with ominous gestures commanded the terrified employee to hand over the bag. This being very shakily done the robber turned and fled up the street. At once the trap door fell open and the fireworks noisily went on duty. At first this commotion only served to hasten the steps of the fleeing villain, but when he felt the bag wobbling viciously in his hand and observed a battery of pin-

wheels going into action, he dropped it with a curse and turned down an alley.

Now it so happened that the impoverished Sherlock had his office on this alley, who hearing the commotion slipped on his disguises, polished his badge, and opened the door.

Wham!!! Stars!! Oblivion!!

Running at full speed the foiled man dashed directly into the opening door. Rebounding with a thud he fell to the ground where he lay deathly still. Astonished, Sherlock bent over him, and was struggling to turn him over on his back when the town constable appeared. From the circumstances there was only one conclusion to be drawn. Sherlock had captured the villain.

That night the Sleepy Hollow Gazette, a weekly paper, appeared two days earlier with tremendous headlines announcing the heroic doings of the great Sherlock and the proved efficiency of Willoughby Speck's great invention. It was a tremendous thing for quiet little old Sleepy Hollow.

Those of you who may chance to pass through there this summer and are interested enough to investigate a little, will find a remarkable change to have taken place in the destinies of two men. On the outskirts of town you will see a neat wooden bungalow with a workshop attached behind, from which the noise of machinery is likely to be heard at all hours of the day and night. This is the residence of Willoughby Speck who, it is rumored, will run for mayor at the next election.

Down town one will also find Sherlock cooling his heels on a desk — his own desk! For Sherlock Slye is now Sleepy Hollow's full-fledged chief of police!

NEW LIGHT ON ALCHEMY

By Andrew Stodola and Arthur Daniels '40

lchemy, the medieval chemical science, A held but two distinct principles, namely, that a universal cure could be found for the diseases which afflict mankind so that life could be prolonged indefinitely, and that base metals could be transmuted into gold. The first of these is not within the scope of this essay; the second will be considered in the light of discoveries made since about the turn of the century. Here it is sufficient to say that the early alchemists held several concepts of transmuting metals. For instance, they concluded that to effect this change it was necessary to find a substitute which, containing the original principle of all matter, should possess the power of dissolving it into its elements. They divided all matter into four fundamental elements — earth, water, air, and fire, a distinction not so different from the present divisions of matter into the solid, liquid, gaseous, and ionized state. What the original principle or substance of all matter was the alchemists failed to determine; they called it materia prima and worked on the principle that it was fundamental to all bodies. It might have been electricity in the form of electrons or protons. Although the alchemists failed to discover or identify this substance credit must be given them for their theories and the progress they made. With this we leave them to investigate recent developments.

Since the discovery of radioactivity in 1896 by Henri Bacqueral the idea of transmutation has again been brought to light after it had lain hidden in the dungeons of falsehoods for nearly two centuries. This discovery not brought forth the theory of transmutation but antiquated many laws and definitions that were in existence up to that time, and revised many others so that the new wonder could be explained. For instance, the definition of an element as "A substance which, as far as we know, contains only one kind of matter" has been changed to "A substance which is composed of atoms all possessing the same atomic number."

The conception of an atom and its structure has undergone a complete change. Prior to 1897 an atom was considered an indivisible particle of an element. Since that date J. J. Thomson has shown that atoms are composed of positive charges of electricity called protons and negative charges called electrons. Later Bohr postulated the dynamic atom with the electrons revolving about the nucleus, maintained in their orbits by centripetal force. This atom is capable of absorbing energy - heat, light, and electricity. This, in transmutation, brings on radioactivity.

A radioactive metal gives off, by natural means, alpha and beta particles, and sometimes gamma rays. The emitted

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alpha particle is a doubly charged positive helium atom which has an atomic weight of four and an atomic number of two, while the beta particle is an electron. When a metal emits an alpha particle it lowers the atomic weight of the metal four and the atomic number two. The velocity of the emitted alpha particle is ten thousand miles per second. The beta particle consists of an electron upon emittance increases which atomic number by one and does not lower the atomic weight any appreciable amount. It is shot out with a speed of from fifty thousand miles per second to a hundred and eighty-six miles. The beta particle is sometimes accompanied by a very penetrating radiation, the gamma ray, which is in nature a relative to the waves of light.

Isotope, a word derived from the Greek, means equal place; in the specific sense employed here isotopes are elements having the same atomic number and chemical properties but different atomic weights. To date there are two hundred and forty-seven known isotopes of seventy-nine different elements. When isotopes of one metal mix in certain proportions they combine and cannot be separated by any practicable methods. For example, ordinary lead, with an atomic weight of 207.2, is a mixture of twentyfour isotopes with weights varying from 201 to 216. Practically all elements known are mixtures of isotopes, and it is possible for an element to emit either an alpha or beta particle and become a different element.

One can readily see that after years of disintegration, transmutation has been accomplished in a natural manner; to do the same artificially was the idea of the early alchemists. We shall see that modern physicists have accomplished this in a small degree.

Since the natural transmutation of metals could not be speeded up the physicists turned to the idea of splitting and building up of atoms. A good example of this is the transmutation of beryllium into carbon by Chadwick. This celebrated physicist spread polonium, a very active residue of radium, on a small plate two centimeters away from a plate of beryllium. The polonium emitted alpha rays which bombarded the beryllium. These alpha rays combined with beryllium, forming carbon and a neutron. In this experiment a second new substance was formed, a neutron which was emitted with such great velocity that it should in time play an important part in the world of physics although to date only a few experiments have been accomplished with the neutron. When the same experiment was performed with boron, a light metal, the products were nitrogen, a gas, and the important neutron.

This neutron is composed of one proton and one electron as is the hydrogen atom, but this electron is not like the orbital or valence electron of hydrogen; rather, it is captured by the proton nucleus. The neutron, moreover, having no electrical charge, cannot be controlled, and consequently has not served the bombardment purposes that were anticipated for it. In the near future, however, a way of shooting this bullet may be found.

Cockcroft and Walton, two eminent scholars, bombarded the lithium atom with protons (positive hydrogen atoms) and produced two helium atoms. This was considered a great step in transmutation, since it was the first time the bom-

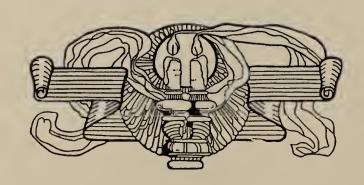
barding particles had been produced by laboratory methods. By reason of the fact that hydrogen has an electrical charge it could be shot out in much greater numbers than could the neutrons and alpha particles. A second type of transmutation was produced by this experiment — transformation of matter into energy. A certain isotope, lithium, weighing 7.008, together with the proton weighing 1.0072, formed two helium nuclei, each a mass of 4.00. As the product was .0152 less than the reactant the loss of weight was converted into energy according to Einstein's theory of relativity. By calculation the energy of this reaction would be 16,300,000 volts. Cockcroft and Walton detected the helium atoms to have an electrical charge of 8,000,000 volts each. According to these figures by the annihilation of one pound of matter it would be possible to create enough energy to heat one hundred million tons of water from zero to one hundred degrees.

Radioactive sodium has been made by shooting neutrons at sodium atoms. The new substance disintegrates one million times as fast as radium, and its gamma rays are much more penetrating than radium. This substance should be a very good cure for cancer, but because of its high cost of production no attempts have been made to use it for this purpose as vet.

By bombarding the heaviest non-radioactive element, bismuth, with deuterons, Doctor Livingood of the University of California obtained synthetic radium E, an element one step above polonium in the radioactive series of uranium. Radium E emits a beta particle, and thus the metal becomes polonium. The period of half decay of synthetic and natural radium E is the same, five days.

The deuterons which Doctor Livingood used in the bombardment were nuclei of heavy hydrogen; in short, two protons together. One hundred thousand billion bullets were shot out per second.

In conclusion, more than one third of all the elements known to man have been subjected to artificial transmutation. Among these is platinum which has been converted into gold. Thus, even though platinum is as valuable as the product produced from it, the dream of the medieval alchemists has come true.



A NEED FULFILLED

Frederick Hendricks '37

Today, for Catholics especially, history is a subject of paramount importance. It is a major subdivision of thought by means of which we in our term of life measured in years can use the experience of our ancestors which was garnered through centuries of toil and trial. We have to recognize the fact that the roots of the present lie buried deep in the past, and that it is only by a knowledge of the roots that we can understand the nature of the tree and its probable development. Although history, being a record of the past, is in the strict sense an objective study, it has been considered subjectively in all too many instances for the past three centuries. Mr. Trame, in his editorial of this month, has sufficiently enlarged on this point; it is sufficient here, therefore, to repeat that there is need today not only for good Catholic historians who are experts in their field, but also for a method to bring home to the people true Catholic history. How it is being fulfilled is the point aimed at in this essay.

Hilaire Belloc sets forth this need as follows: "The Catholic boy in England (and in America) cannot get away from the contempt he hears expressed all around him for the nations of Catholic culture. The Catholic receiving learning from non-Catholic histories imperils his faith, and distorts his ideas of the past and contemporary world." The truth of

Mr. Belloc's words are self-evident, for when the Catholic Church and its activities are left out or minimized you no longer have the kernel of history but merely the empty shell. The Catholic religion was the objective of all the events from the time of Adam to the birth of Christ, and it has been the central theme of history ever since. Not only is the Church the very core of history, her interpretation of this history is the most reliable. She is as Chesterton says, "the charioteer of truth," and as such should be the first to be consulted.

Realization of the importance which must be attached to the Catholic historical point of view must likewise bring about a realization of the importance and even the necessity of a concentrated effort toward bringing about a deeper and more widespread knowledge and appreciation of the Catholic historical point of view. It is through this means that people can be made to see the Church's interpretation of history in all of its majestic unity. And friends and foes alike will see in her a world force mysteriously superhuman.

In order to meet this demand several American Catholic historical societies were started in the nineteenth century, most of which, however, have disappeared since. Two of them, one in New York City and another in Philadelphia, still exist, and are doing yeoman service. They

have, however, one drawback, in so far as they confine themselves strictly to American affairs. For while it is true that from the history of the Church in this country Catholics can draw much counsel and inspiration, it requires a study of the universal Church to bring out to the faithful in its entirety the great heritage which is theirs.

Dr. Peter Guilday of the Catholic University of America, seeing the need for an organization which would embrace the entire history of the universal Church, in December, 1919, founded the model American Catholic Historical Association at Cleveland, Ohio. This society has as its aim the promotion of study and research in the field of Catholic history. Dr. Guilday realized at once that to obtain the greatest results the society must have a publication. This was obtained when the Catholic Historical Review, owned by the Catholic University, was placed exclusively under the management of the Association. Another publication followed the convention of the society at Ann Arbor in 1925. This convention produced nineteen papers on the lives and works of as many great Church historians, and these papers later appeared as Volume I of the Papers of the American Catholic Historical Association. The addresses given at the convention held in 1931 at Minneapolis described the conditions of the Church in the most important European states. These essays have appeared as Volume II of the *Papers*. In 1936 appeared Volume III, called the Catholic Philosophy of History. The original plans of the Association were rounded out with the appearance in 1933 of the first volume of the Documents, called the United States Ministers to the Papal States.

Far-reaching are the effects of these publications; this is especially true of the Catholic Historical Review. This quarterly has helped to fulfill the great need for true Catholic history. Most of its contributions are based on studies of original sources; it informs its readers of happenings in the historical field the world over. It is fulfilling its aims of dealing with the history of the Catholic Church in the United States and serving as a means whereby valuable historical material may be preserved and published in exemplary fashion. This quarterly, moreover, is praised by Cardinal Gibbons because it brings history to the masses. The Cardinal, referring to this review, states: "The average man and woman engrossed with the cares of business and of the home have not the time to delve into the hidden store of knowledge which history guards. Nor have they the training which would enable them to garner the lessons and select the truths, that are of greatest need, or afford the best intellectual enjoyment." Both of these are taken care of by this quarterly.

Besides making the people of America familiar with the glorious past of the Church the American Catholic Historical Association by means of its publications has brought about other good effects, one of the main being the furthering of Catholic scholarship. Every year the Association holds a convention which brings together Catholic historians. At these conventions historical papers are read and discussed, as are historical topics of interest to particular groups of members. Through these conventions the historians who are investigating in a certain field can find out how far their colleagues in

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the same field have progressed, and by this exchanging of information gain a goal through concerted action which they never could have gained singly.

The very existence of such an organization serves to advertise history and encourage its study in the Catholic body. Because of the fact that is is a society its aim and accomplishments have news value. Catholic history is far more generally cultivated in the Catholic parts of Europe than in America because of large powerful Catholic historical socie-

ties; the Association in America, however, is beginning to have the same effect as those in Europe. Through the work of this society history and historical studies are being discussed in this country in circles where little attention was paid to them before. Since its establishment Dr. Guilday, the secretary, has received an ever-increasing number of inquiries on historical matters, and by this means has been able to show the luster of the Church by putting disputed points into their true historical light.

WHY I PLAY GOLF

Charles Rueve '37

of a certain infatuation for the game such as often accompanies card playing? I think not; nor is it only because of the exercise it affords, though it does require an athletic sort of person to maintain an appearance of comfort and ease after several hours of ball chasing.

Personally I hold that there is a decided feeling of appreciation in hearing the swish of the golf club as it travels to meet the ball — especially when I'm in such a position that I can swing for all I'm worth without fear of doing something drastic. Yet that, too, happens. There is nothing more dumbfounding than a sudden hook or slice on a drive headed straight for the hole; and nothing that tries the patience of a golfer more than searching half an hour for a lost ball. It was dumbfounding, I said, but, believe me, that peculiar sensation is quick-

ly overmastered by more powerful emotions which unreservedly seek an outlet in expression. Now you can't honestly count that against golf. Why the same result occurs when some robust bridge player finesses the wrong party with a chance for a grand slam; when some scholar "flunks" in Greek; when certain persons begin to sing; and when a man just slips on a banana peel to the tune of the pealing laughter of a pretty maiden across the way.

However, we all know that chance works more ways than one. Now don't mistake me in this! This accident occurs only when you either are so far above par on the other seventeen holes that it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference, or else make the mistake of shooting the wrong ball. What happens is this: The ball is hooked or sliced in such a way that it travels right up to

the green! It certainly is interesting to watch the author of such a masterpiece when he looks up nonchalantly and remarks something about "judged that one pretty good, how about it?" Do we mind this slight slip of egotism? Of course not! As a matter of fact we turn around at the next tee-off and say the same thing.

Then again, there is nothing so humorous as the expression of bewilderment on the golfer's face when he misses the ball completely. How he immediately recovers himself, so to speak, and moves his tee to a different spot because (he says) he couldn't stand comfortably when he swung, or because the ball was teed too low — all the while muttering something about the club's deformities. We, of course, always wink solemnly to one another and expectantly await the next attempt. Imagine our surprise when he connects with a terrific wallop. There it goes! Straight as an arrow, swift and sure, making a beeline for the green. Now it's our turn to recover ourselves; we act as indifferently as possible, for we know from experience that if he doesn't make a mess of his putting — of course we wish a fellow golfer no such luck, but then there's always the fact that everyone hates like poison to be shown up too badly — then there's something wrong with amateur golf statistics.

Long grass on the fairways and small humps on greens are other petty nuisances which invariably afford practice in the use of not-for-the-parlor vocabulary. This brings to my mind an interesting article I read in the paper some time ago — something to this effect: "Golf strike! Rains Sprout Greens! If the sit-down strike of the grass cutters at the N. S. golf links doesn't cease pretty

soon, a hundred or more prominent golfers are determined to make themselves into a greens' committee and, behind lawn mowers, get the club greens back in shape again. In fact, they let the world know yesterday that not only they, but their wives, would help push the mowers." But, they're crazy, they're fools! you exclaim. I agree with you, they are fools. But listen to this: In his essay on "April Fool," Charles Lamb writes as follows: "The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he gives you that he will not overreach or betray you. He that hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath points of worse matter in his composition. I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. For what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy?"

Why do I play golf? The question should be worded a trifle differently: Why do I play at golf? There is some difference, and I'm not sure that the balance will tip in favor of the professional side. My reason is this: I dare say that the amateur gets more fun in a round of golf.

The first point in my favor is that the game of golf to the majority of professionals is a matter of business — upon the success of which depends their daily bread. The second point in my favor relates to the game itself. When Bobby Jones drove off, it was a question of 280 or 300 yards; and a difference of 20 yards is obviously nothing to thrill over. But when I drive, the ball travels anywhere from 150 yards on down, provided, that is, that it starts at all. So you can

easily see where I would enjoy the game more in the very surprise and delight of connecting with the ball at all, than Bobby Jones would in making a 300 yard drive.

Then again Charles Rollins says that "the highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder." I can't quite place this in my list of arguments; that is, I can't quite place my finger on the underlying reason which supports my arguments in his quotation, but I do think that it should fit in here, somewhere.

There is a current story of a middle-aged history professor who was induced by a friend, after much trouble, to putt a golf ball on the green. The professor imitated his friend with a few practice swings and then judged the distance. He swung. The ball bounded and rolled about twenty-five feet, straight into the cup. "Friend" he said, "Napoleon made a great blunder when he attempted to capture Russia. He didn't know when it was time for him to quit. I've seen you and others play golf, and I'm quitting

right now before I meet my Waterloo." He still teaches history, but he has a putter encased in glass above his mantelpiece. To all curious questions he loves to recite the story of his first victory — and his last — with a golf club. To his class, with a far off, fondly reminiscent gaze — one of those them-days-are-gone-forever looks, his pupils call it — he explains his pet theory that if men are wise and farsighted, history will not repeat itself.

So you see there are many angles at which to view the game of golf. There are many reasons why any person should enjoy himself at golf. I am only an amateur, but I like the game. Perhaps, however, the real reason I play golf is to achieve a pet ambition: I wish to end my golf game with a complete victory — to make a hole in one. When I do — if I do — I hope I shall be wise and farsighted and quit before I meet my Waterloo. Undoubtedly, I'll have the club encased in glass and placed over my mantel-piece.

STARTING OVER

Anthony Ley '39

is tattered clothes and dirty hands and neck did not place Fred Randolf in that coterie of riffraff that makes up the royal knights of the road; he was not a tramp by disposition but by circumstances. Even this morning as he stood on a high bank beside a railroad

track watching a small freight train rattle past, his unshaved face lashed by a stiff midautumn wind, his hands jammed forlornly into the pockets of his oversize trousers, and a far-away look in his eyes, there was something of the Fred of former years about his general mien.

An experienced observer would have disintelligence and covered character in those clear brown eyes that roamed aimlessly now along the shiny tracks after the retreating train. They seemed to carry the solitary figure standing there back in the direction from which he had come and through the incidents that led to this kind of a roaming existence. The clatter of the wheels across the joints of the rails had died away, and still Fred stood gazing blankly. As the train became a mere speck in the distance its low, moaning whistle reaching his ears, aroused him enough to descend to the roadbed. That whistle both beckoned and taunted him; it and the dying year were attune to his own feelings.

Slowly at first, then with acceleration born of necessity, Fred continued his way toward a small town called Walen about twenty miles ahead of him. This town he hoped to reach by nightfall, where he could find a place to sleep and food of some sort to sustain him.

Time was when Fred was not a tramp with tired feet, an old newspaper in his pocket, a couple of dry sandwiches under one arm, and a bundle of clothes over his shoulder. Happily married, he cherished his wife and two children, to provide for whom the fatiguing work in his office was a labor of love. Once a week he went to his club to spend an evening with his business friends and associates. Fred's naturally trustful nature prompted him to speak freely about his home, his work, his plans for the future. That tendency he learned later to regret; because of it misfortune clenched him in her savage grasp. For one morning as he entered his office he was informed that a supposed friend in whom he had placed all his confidence had swindled him. The office was no longer his.

How could he face his wife? Obsessed by the thought, he made up his mind that he wouldn't. "I'll skip out, and she will never hear of me," he thought.

For almost two years Fred had been skipping. Nor were they happy years. Those incidents of his former life crowded into his memory, filling him with a sense of helplessness, blood brother to self pity. He wanted his home and he loved his wife and children too much to be a burden to them, he told himself aloud as he trudged along over the unevenly spaced ties. Today more than ever before the burden of his existence gripped him, and as he looked into the future his courage fell alarmingly.

Toward noon Fred's legs were getting tired. He sat down on a rail and started eating his sandwiches. Just as he pulled the last one from the paper bag he heard some one approaching him from the direction of the town. He looked up. It was just another person of his noble profession. The Fred of old stood up and bade the stranger the time of day.

"How far is it to the next town?" Fred asked him.

"Oh, 'bout twelve miles, I'd reckon," came from a hoarse, cracked voice. "An' ya better step 't up; it's gonna storm 'fore night comes 'round."

"Here, share my dinner with me," Fred said as he broke his last sandwich and handed the man the larger portion.

"Thank ya," came the reply with a smile of real appreciation.

The two exchanged a few more words as they crunched the dry bread, then separated, each in his own direction.

Fred did step it up. Hard as the fare

was of which he had partaken, it revived him; that and the rising wind spurred him on for an hour or two. But as the afternoon lengthened his steps grew shorter and less sure so that every now and then his foot slipped off a tie and retarded his progress. He grew deeply melancholy and began to complain to himself.

"Why must life be like this? Why must I have all these troubles? I've worked hard and tried, and still all I have is misery. Other men gamble and get drunk and still they have neither cares nor worries. What have I done to deserve this?"

During the last mile or so Fred's uneven tread has slowed down considerably. His shoes were becoming thin and the sharp stones stung his burning feet; the muscles in his legs were jerking with pain. At last, when about two miles from the town, he was forced to sit down and rest. Crouching behind a low embankment to protect himself a little from the cold wind he stretched his legs down the incline and leaned back toward the tracks. Exhausted in body, his mind too was dulled with misery. For a moment the descending sun broke through the rolling clouds and stood as though mocking him. The stones at his feet; yes, even the grass in the fields seemed to be rocking in scornful laughter at his plight. He wished that something would happen to end all this affliction.

A thought struck him. He could just lie back and put his head on the rail. It certainly must soon be time for a train; none had passed since morning. After taking one last glance about him a smile broke through his lips. In a few seconds he was lying down, his eyes closed and his face turned toward the town.

"It won't be long," he said to himself, "and my troubles will be over. No one has worried about me so far, and soon no one will have to. The place I fill in the world is just as good vacant."

He was trying to ease his heartache in this manner when suddenly he became conscious of a metallic hum in his ear. It grew louder and louder. His heart beat faster. He opened an eye and looked down the tracks. Nothing was coming. Good! He wouldn't have to see it anyway. The hum set his head ringing. Perspiration began to flow, but still he felt cold. As he tried to move he seemed glued to the spot. Then everything grew dark, and his whole life passed before him in a dream. The dream ended in a loud crash — all was over. The storm had come; the telephone wires hummed furiously.

At the small station in Walen the limp figure of a man was lifted into an ambulance. A small bundle was laid beside him and the door closed.

Two hours later in a white hospital bed the figure stirred slightly. "Is this death?" was the semi-conscious thought that buzzed in the brain of the man lying there. Slowly the eyes opened and saw a nurse standing watch. Bewildered, Fred at first thought the white-clad figure was an angel and that he was in another world. As he turned his head to one side he recognized a bundle lying on a table. The nurse began to speak to him and told him how he had been found by a section crew.

Everything came back to him now. "What a fool I was!" he thought viciously of himself. "Life isn't as hard as it seems. My wife is waiting for me. I'm only thirty-five. I'll start life over."

THE

SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published monthly from October to June at St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana.

Terms \$1.50 a year

Single copies 20c.

Entered at the Post Office, Collegeville, Indiana, as second-class matter, under the Act of March 5, 1879.

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EDITORIALS

To the Rescue of History

During the past three centuries there has been no lethargic neglect of the study of history. On the contrary the bulk of published historical writing has been enormous. One could compile an almost indefinite list of historians — men of great learning and industry whom, in numbers alone, no previous age has surpassed. Why then is there a need to come to the rescue of history?

The truth is that since the beginning of the seventeenth century history, as written in English-speaking countries, has been so warped and vitiated by violent religious prejudice and a spirit of reaction against the central traditions of Europe, that it had ultimately become, in the forcible words of DeMaistre, a "conspiracy against the truth." Almost every scrap of historical writing during this period reflected a distrust and even hatred toward every fact connected with the Catholic Church.

It was the historians of this period that termed the entire civilization of the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages. Isolated and exceptional incidents were laboriously dug from medieval chronicles, elaborated, enlarged, and represented as typical of the whole stream of civilization. The entire description of the period was warped or overlooked. Dr. Foliquo, in an essay entitled *The Legacy of Rome*, condemns these writers in very bitter words: "One often wonders what these medieval centuries are thought to have been. Perhaps a period of continuous

gloom, through which timid individuals groped senselessly and were attacked at every turning by ferocious giants, ready for every violence, murder, destruction and rape; as if one imagined that the moderns owed it to the very darkness of the Middle Ages that anything of the Roman heritage had reached them, because it passed unnoticed by the invaders and thus escaped being ravished and burnt." Obviously this is an overstatement, but it gives credence to the fact that historians had warped and poisoned the true life of those Middle Ages.

This condition of affairs endured, with scarcely a mitigating example, well into the latter half of the nineteenth century. By this time, however, the reaction toward the truth had started. When Creighton published his history of the Papacy and when Acton was planning the Cambridge Modern History, the corner had definitely been turned. History was emerging from its Dark Ages and once more was taking its place among the sciences. But the legacy of these Dark Ages still endures. Constructive historical study of the medieval period is, even yet, almost out of the question. Hilaire Belloc says, "Almost all the historical work worth doing at the present moment in the English language, is the work of shovelling off heaps of rubbish inherited from the immediate past."

The prejudiced clouds are gradually breaking, and an unbiased sun is slowly appearing, but in the meantime the situation is sufficiently difficult and distressing

to cramp and hamper a fair view of the Historical writing on the prepast. Reformation period has taken on a note of asperity, which seemingly is quite unavoidable. Since there is no determined foundation upon which to build, the work is still mainly destructive. The countless intrusions of religious prejudice and beliefs contrary to truth are still persistently hindering the work of the true historian, who is laboriously seeking to know the truth. The Catholic historian, as well as Catholic students of history, should keep in mind the notable words of Pope Leo XIII, when he threw open to investigation the Vatican archives, Church has nothing to fear from the Truth."

R.J.T. '38

As To Editorials

The literary journal of our colleges today presents a rather peculiar but none too happy state of affairs. No matter how interesting, and how well put up the magazine may be as a whole, it will nine times out of ten still show one trace of an inferiority complex, of a more or less narrow-minded refusal to be practical. But the above sentence needs explanation. To explain it, the student reader need only recall his own particular case. There were always one or two, or perhaps three pages in the magazine, he will recall, which he practically never read, or if he did read them, he always kept them till last, and considered them least important. Those one or two or three pages are the graveyard of the magazine, the stumbling block that steadily refuses to let the journal make progress. Those are the editorial pages!

There are, no doubt, a number of

sound reasons, some of them psychological, for this utter lack of interest. But to us it seems that the most sound is the very patent fact that the editorials make no appeal, at least no direct appeal, to the very readers for whom they are written. The college journal is, after all, not a metropolitan newspaper. It need not cater to every Tom, Dick, and Harry of the hoi polloi. Its readers are not only limited in number; they are exclusive, and in their own way they are particular in their choice of reading matter. One of the primary rules of journalism is to write for those who will read. Yet the editorials seem unaware of this fact.

They reach out into world affairs, national politics, abstract social questions, and myriads of other comprehensive subjects. But in the meantime they have altogether forgotten what should be their true focal point. Not that the editorial should be confined wholly to purely local happenings and problems. If such a meaning were to be taken from the content of this article, our purpose would have been sadly misconstrued. The scope of the college editorial does and should extend to affairs of national and even world importance. But, and this but is most meaningful, it should confine itself to affairs which have a direct relation to the college, its general policies, or at least to college education in general. In other words, it should be able to make an appeal to its readers by being of interest to them as students.

Naturally, at times, the editorial may make a purely direct appeal through its columns to or for the student body as such. For there are times when an editorial can and should be written on purely local affairs. This need not be any

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cause of antagonism between the student publication and the faculty. If it is done tactfully there probably will be none. Because in regard to many things real student opinion can be obtained and properly interpreted only by a student. Fortunately, most faculties are wise enough to realize and acknowledge this fact. Thus if properly used we see no reason why the editorial should not become a valuable proponent of student opinion, and a no

less valuable aid for the authorities.

In fine, lest our arguments seem without point, we should like to challenge our
fellow editors along with ourselves to
try to make our editorials alive, the real
nucleus of the magazine. Once and for
all let us cease writing insipid, trite, rehashed addlings of other people's
thoughts, and instead offer a genuine personal contribution to what is best in current thought.

W. C. '37

WHITE GOBLETS

by

William Callahan, '37

A group of swaying lilies
In a graceful minuet
Danced, shining in the sun,
Then stopped, and toasted gaily
Out of waxen milk-white cups,
And then, the dance was done.

CRITICISM

Books

By Francois Mauriac
Translated by Julie Kernan

To any one who has ever thought of Jesus Christ not as God-made-man but as a man simply, not as the second person of the Trinity but as a man of history, and by looking at Him in that way seen His beauty none the less, the words of Mauriac in his preface must seem as the answer to a long pondered question. Most of us when we think of Christ think of a shadowy figure whose outlines are lost in Divinity; and even in our prayers we address not a person but a To those, however, who have pictured Christ as the simple Galilean, a Jew, given Him definite features, built up in the imagination a person, a man, and wondered at the effects of that man's existence, Mauriac must make a strong appeal. He says, "The Jesus of the Gospels, at times lowered by historians to the proportions of an ordinary man, at others raised by adoration and love far above the earth where he lived and died, loses, in the eyes of the faithful as in those of the indifferent, all definite outline, and presents none of the features of a real person.... An apparent violence and an underlying calm is also manifested in his words. They must be gone over one by one, cleansed of the rust of time, of those deposits laid on by long habits, relieved of those layers of assuasive commentary accumulated over a period of nineteen hundred years." And if these words taken out of context seem rash there is also in the preface an honest protestation of humility, of unworthiness to undertake such a task.

Whatever be the merits of the book, one thing is apparent. Mauriac has not done what he set out to do. The Christ of his chapters is still the Christ of the gospels; He is presented perhaps more fully than elsewhere and in sermons, but hardly more deeply. The words of Christ, although paragraphs are written on each sentence and copious theological and philosophical principles are derived from them, are seemingly cleansed of little of the rust of time. Perhaps it is because there is no rust there. Mauriac has written many words on the man who is Jesus of Nazareth; yet he has drawn for us no new portrait, he has introduced us to no new personality. But this is as it should be. The Jesus of the Gospels is so simple, His words so clear, that there is in Him no hidden spirit, no "alter Christus," that is too obscure, too latent, for the most unaffected reader of the Gospels to find. The Gospels in fact remain unsurpassed as a vehicle for transmitting Christ to men. Mauriac's work, then, might be characterized as a wellwritten commentary on the Gospels, with some very fine additional thought interspersed. Its value lies in that thought and in some interesting points where he is truly original.

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Certainly the most original part of the work is the author's speculations on the hidden life. Speaking of Christ's home he says, "There he lived for nearly thirty years — but not in a silence of adoration and love." He makes Jesus a member of a Jewish clan, a clan not too cultured nor too noble, Jesus being above them but withal one of them. He was a common workman, reserved, reticent, whose fellows rebuked Him among themselves for not taking a wife.

Very original is the author's conclusions as to the relation of Jesus and Mary. From Jesus' seemingly harsh words at the episode in the temple he deduces that Jesus lived more or less a stranger to Mary, that He said few kind words to her, that He was seldom or never tender with His parents, that the common marks of affection between son and mother were lacking. Perhaps it is true, perhaps not. We do not know. It is not a happy thought.

Most original is the author's inspection into the mind of Mary. He wonders whether, as the years rolled onward and the personages and scenes that entered into her conception and the nativity began to fade in the haze of time, she was inclined to forget, to believe that she had dreamed. He asks whether as Jesus grew into manhood and nothing happened to Him Mary began to suppose that the sword that was to pierce her heart was only the fact that she alone could know Jesus, whose mere existence in the world would suffice to redeem it. We cannot believe this of the Blessed Virgin; and while the author does not present his hypothesis as if he actually believed it but rather as some interesting speculation there is no apparent reason for its inclusion in a biography of Christ.

The author dwells on all the main characters of the narrative, describing them at length and interpreting them as examples of types of men of all ages. That, while it is not original, is a point well made. His interpretation of the character of Mary Magdalene is most interesting. He succeeds in explaining Judas, who is undoubtedly the most enigmatic character in history. He follows the development of Judas throughout the three years, and explains his actions on the assumption that he did not realize who Jesus was, as indeed did few of His acquaintances. They saw certainly that He was of God, but it never really sank into their consciousness that He was in essence God Himself. To Judas Christ was somewhat of a prophet, but rather a fool, who could trick the other apostles but not him - he knew how to interpret His words —, a man that Judas could use very profitably to further his own good. Certainly it must be true that Judas could not have known Christ as the supreme being and yet have betrayed Him.

From Jesus' words and deeds Mauriac draws many theological facts and philosophical thoughts that we may well apply in our own lives. This is in fact the meat, the substance of the book. This is what makes the book eminently worth while. One or two examples will serve to illustrate his thought. These are examples merely, of the book, and not, as might be thought, the best that I could find. In commenting on the sermon on the mount the author says, "The happiness which he brought to men, which he announced in this first sermon, Christ saw menaced at every turn. What did

'purity' mean to these poor listening Jews? To be pure! An inconceivable demand in the days of Tiberius? 'Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Yes, it was the universal law, universally violated, but its restatement could surprise no one. Now the Nazarene was to add to the old riddled ordinance a new commandment against which the world still revolts after nineteen hundred years, to which it objects in vain. Since Jesus spoke only those will henceforth be able to find God who will accept this yoke: 'But I tell you, that every one that looketh upon a woman so as to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart.'

"By these very words crime is established this side of the act; the stain flows back to the interior, mounts to its source. More than any curse these words reduced to naught the justice of the Pharisees. Thenceforth the drama would take place within us, between our most secret desire and this Son of Man who hides himself in the secret places of the heart. The virtue of the Pharisees, like the vice of courtesans and publicans, was judged by appearances only. For each of us the mystery of salvation is to be played out in shadows to be dispersed by death alone."

And from the action of the centurion who deemed himself unworthy that Christ should enter under his roof: "'Jesus marveled at him.' Christ not only loved men, he also admired them. And what he admires in them is always the same marvel; not amazing virtue nor extraordinary austerity, nor great theological knowledge, but a certain state of surrender, of defeat, of annihilation, fruit of

that spiritual lucidity which is the grace of graces.

"Humility is not attained by an action of the will, since it is perfect on the sole condition of being unknown to the possessor. Striking one's breast is a gesture which costs nothing; and how many prideful lips repeat each morning the words of the centurion, and those of his brother the publican! 'O God I thank thee that I am not like the publican.' Thus prays the Pharisee of today."

For many who have enjoyed Mauriac's many psychological studies in his novels his excursion into this particular field may be somewhat of a surprise. It is, however, a happy surprise, for he has shown himself no less competent as a biographer than as a novelist. He chose for his portrait the greatest and most beautiful person of all; he has drawn Christ in shades of majesty. The translation is, as far as can be judged without benefit of the original, excellent. For that reason the work possesses one quality that is so important in a book of this kind; it is readable.

N.F. '37

Magazines

NO MONEY FOR MUSIC

Minna Lederman

The plight of the American composer has never presented itself to my mind very seriously. Quite naturally I was under the impression that like our famed playwrights and authors, American composers were financially secure. Their works, I knew, were being played and their operas sung by the best of our concert artists, and yes, American audiences were extremely appreciative. But Miss Lederman has thrown an entirely new

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light upon the situation in her article, "No Money For Music," published in the current issue of the *North American Review* (April, 1937).

She quite frankly tells us of the high salaries paid to the personnels of various concert groups, and then shockingly that the modern, struggling American composer receives practically nothing for the right to play his works. This of course is a ridiculously low price, and though fame and reputation may easily be obtained by the talented American composer, his livelihood is practically nil. Miss Lederman explains the whole misfortune by pointing out that "America alone, of all the countries in the world, stubbornly cherishes the tradition that music should be free." European countries, she tells us, have formed musical societies and unions which protect the composer and arrange that he may earn a well-deserved living.

It seems there is but one such organization in America, "The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers." This is presumably an all-embracing body, but it has enormous defects which makes it practically useless as a protecting medium. It distinguishes between "grand rights" and "petit rights." For the former it forces no payment of royalty; on the latter merely a mediocre amount. Concert performances, operas and the like, fall under the "grand rights" division, and restaurant, night club, and other popular entertainment is classified with the "petit right" group. Thus it becomes plain that the composer of good, "serious music" is hopelessly left to garner a living from some manual occupation, leaving him only his leisure moments for the making of music.

The article closes with the fearful thought that unless something is done in the very near future the American composer will be completely suppressed and our concert halls and opera houses will continue to celebrate only the art of other times and other places.

R.G. '37

Many people take great pride in their choice of a pet. They often vie with one another to acquire the most unique specimen. But when it comes to uniqueness Father Charles Leigh certainly wins the prize. His hobby is the training of young pythons, the experiences of which he relates in the *Month*, April, 1937.

Most interesting in this article are the stories of Jacob, Simon, and Dainty, three of Father Leigh's trusted serpentine friends. Jacob seems to be the hog of the group, invariably stealing the dinner of his cage-mates. One time he and Simon both went after the same rabbit. Jacob began on one end and Simon on the other. As snakes do not chew their food but swallow it whole and entire, when Jacob began to eat this rabbit he swallowed Simon, who was hanging on to the other end of the rabbit. After a while he must have realized that there was a mistake somewhere; he had never met a rabbit that took so long to swallow. Then, too, he may have missed his friend, Simon, from his field of vision. At any rate he began a series of movements from his tail upward, as a result of which Simon soon returned to this gay world from which he had almost passed.

The swallowing capacity of a snake is really astonishing. A python with a throat less than two inches in diameter can gulp down a big rabbit. A fifteen

pound monkey is easy prey for a snake whose neck can be surrounded by a thumb and index finger. In fact cannibal snakes frequently eat snakes of their own bulk.

From the two pictures accompanying the article of Father Leigh, with four or five pythons around his neck and arms, one would almost believe we have a modern Laocoon. But the smiling face of Father Leigh removes this possibility and proves that snakes can be developed into lovable pets. Nevertheless I think I'll stick to dogs as my pets.

E.G.



EXCHANGES

On behalf of the editor in chief of the St. Joseph's COLLEGIAN and his staff members we thank those Catholic Colleges which so generously acknowledged their readiness to aid us in our endeavor to make a record of the present-day trend of Catholic College thought. Already we have on our list of exchanges thirty new Catholic College literary journals. hope to get more; in fact, we intend to try to get all the magazines of this type published in the United States. Naturally the more representative our study is the more valuable it will be when completed. Therefore, Bassanio like, if in some instances we have lost one shaft, we shall shoot "his fellow on the self-same flight the self-same way with more advised watch," until we are satisfied that no college which publishes a literary journal has failed us.

This month we purpose to discuss the literary journals of four Catholic Girls' Colleges. Two of these are new exchanges.

One who picks up *The Pelican* for the first time has more than the proverbial treat in store. The significant name, the unique cover design, the nine by twelve format call for the term distinguished. Only twenty-six pages published bi-annually, but those pages filled with real literature, almost half of which is creative. We like particularly the analogical development of "Is Youth's Influence Being Wasted?"; the summary and estimate of *The Catholic Church on the Kentucky Frontier*, (1785-1812), a study by

Sister Mary Ramona Mattingly under the direction of Dr. Peter Guilday at the Catholic University; the short narrative, "Love's Young Dream," for its complete suspense; and "In Our Day," an informative and inspirational essay on the living conditions of the hill-country people of Eastern Kentucky. Not that the other articles and stories do not have merit; these appealed to us personally. And may we say by way of sympathy and congratulation, that even if there was a flood in which The Pelican got her feet wet so that "there will be no formal second issue," that human interest narrative entitled "Speaking of Floods" by Carrie-Jane Davis is full compensation. We are tempted to reprint it.

The December number of *The Aurora*, one of our old friends, is decidedly a Christmas issue. One essay, a review of "Aeterni Patris," the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, is again a cry to youth. What the Pope asked for in this encyclical was a revival of the study of Scholasticism. It is to youth that this study must be given over, because in our young people are the potential families of the future. As the review states: "Scholasticism would nourish the young with solid food, would bring Faith to those who say they are guided by reason, would preserve the family and civil society, and would adthe liberal arts and natural vance sciences."

In a second essay we obtain a striking view of A. E. Houseman, the elusive,

baffling character of the modern literary world. That he was of a calibre above that of the ordinary man we gather from the words: "It is seldom . . . that one man, by the publication of three slender volumes of poetry, creates a thoroughly unique, permanent, and unchallenged place for himself in the literary world of both the present and the future." Similarly, the essay, "More than a Great Artist," which deals with the prominent sculptor, Lorado Taft, is a thorough, scholarly study of the man and his works. Both of these articles are timely; both are inspirational. Lastly, "Streets of Lava" brings together vividly data on the destruction of Pompeii. Delightfully thoughtful is the reflection: "The revengeful Vesuvius did not destroy Pompeii — it has preserved it. For nineteen hundred years men have labored east, slowly eastward, through the ruins to lift the pall which the mountain spread in a few black hours between sunrise and sunset, and their labors have brought the knowledge of a culture equal in almost every respect to our own." Did God wish us to have this city as it was as a memorial of ancient classical culture?

Another of our old friends is *The Marywood College Bayleaf*, the December issue of which we have before us. The articles in this well-edited quarterly are all short and pointed; it appeals directly to college students everywhere, to the students resident at Marywood and to the alumni. The editorial, "Marywood Art Classes," has much to say about the cultural courses taught at this college; the pen and ink drawing of the Madonna and Child shows that these courses bear fruit. An essay accompanying this sketch compares the works of

Cimabue, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, and artists of a later date. One point this article brings out clearly: "The colors in which the Madonna was arrayed were invariably the same; her tunic was red, the color of love and religious aspiration; her mantle, the blue of constancy and heavenly purity; but these colors vary from the soft, delicate rose and pale azure of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the intense crimson and dark blue, verging on purple, of a later time."

New and thrice welcome is *The Essay*, literary quarterly of the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N. Y., which bears the imprimatur of Patrick Cardinal Hayes. The contents of this journal are as scholarly as is the appearance of its cover. Personally we think that this is the ideal toward which colleges everywhere should strive. essays as "Actions Speak Louder," "From East to West," and "On Contemporary Literature" are more than just attempts; The creative writing they measure. which appears in this magazine is on an equally high plane. There are too few dramas attempted such as "Margaret's Father," a short, three-act play on the life of St. Thomas More. "The Feminist and the China Cupid," a character narrative, is elegantly sustained realism, and we like it even though we don't like the ending; "Mud at the Minister," a little psychological tale, simply couldn't be improved. Congratulations, Miss Moran! As for the section entitled "Verses," the caption is too modest; the term "Poetry" would not need to blush to announce that selection. A ballad, a sonnet, a narrative, a sestet, a lyric or two, and a didactic poem! What more could one desire?

EXCHANGES

In conclusion, "love at first sight" is more than just an emotional response when applied to our (freshman) reaction to The Essay.

We wish also to thank the following magazines for making their regular appearance.

The Salesianum (St. Francis Seminary); The Aquinas (St Thomas College); St. Mary's Collegian (St. Mary's Col-

lege);

The Xaverian News (Xavier University);

The Fleur de Lis (St. Louis University);
The Exponent (Dayton University);

Duquesne Monthly (Duquesne University);

The Gleanor (St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois);

St. Vincent Journal (St. Vincent's College);

The Marywood College Bay Leaf (Marywood College;

The Aurora (St. Mary-of-the-Woods College);

The Gothic (Sacred Heart Seminary); The Canisius Quarterly (Canisius College);

The Black Hawk (Mount Mary College);

The Chimes (Cathedral College);

The Clepsydra (Mundelein College);

The Rosary College Eagle (Rosary College);

The Pelican (Nazareth College);

The Owl (University of Santa Clara);

The Albertinum (Albertus Magnus College);

The Loyola Quarterly (Loyola University);

The Scrip (University of Notre Dame);
The Journal (Loyola University, New Orleans);

The Setonian (Seton Hall College);
The Essay (College of the Sacred Heart);

The Fordham Monthly (Fordham University);

Purple and Gold (St. Michael's College).

T. A. '40 R. B. '40



ALUMNI

The Honorable Charles A. Halleck, United States Representative of the Second Indiana District, a resident of Rensselaer, has much to say about St. Joe graduates. The following is an excerpt from a recent letter: "Graduates and former students of St. Joseph's College are carrying its name far and wide. Only last week a young man from Detroit made a most brilliant argument and presentation before my Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. After the meeting adjourned he introduced himself to me, saying that he had attended St. Joseph's College in my home town. His name is Luke J. Sheer, and he appeared as the National Secretary of the Cities Alliance, a most important post for such a young man."

When the Catholic Theatre Guild of Louisville presented the Passion Play of Fred J. Karem, *Ecce Agnus Dei*, on March 7 and 14, the cast included three of our Alumni, Herman Kerchner, '32, David E. Maloney, '30, and Urban Kuhn, '33. Each rendered a fine portrayal of his character. Best wishes for added success, gentlemen, in your every endeavor. We are proud of you that your taste runs toward Catholic drama.

"Happy days are here again!" You bet they are, alumni, May 16 and 17—

two days of the year A Hearty Wel- when you will thrill to come to All the clasping of hand in hand, when a yarn of yesteryears will tease from the cran-

nies of your memory the unscathed pranks of the good old days. Just think of it, the happenings and acquaintances of college days squeezed into the brief period of forty-eight hours. If those two days aren't replete with experiences exhilarating beyond surmisal we've missed our guess. But that alternative is too fantastic to entertain even momentarily. So be here, every one of you, prepared for a gala celebration.

Already the Columbian Literary Society is preparing for your entertainment a most delightful drama, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Without a doubt it will be the "tops" in performances of recent years.

Of course there will be the annual Alumni-Varsity baseball game. We feel obliged to warn you that the varsity is nothing to be sneezed at. (Who should know it better than you?) Dreiling and Raterman are both in tip-top shape, and most of the boys have traded in their keen basketball eye for a sharper baseball orb. So cull out the best of your lot and make it a close game. Perhaps you can sneak in a few minor leaguers, but whatever you do, don't let the students catch you, or the famous pitcherstealing escapade of a former year may be repeated.

Once again we urge you all to spend these two days at your Alma Mater. They are your days to make the best of. The portals of our hearts are open to all.

ALUMNI

Those Calumetites do make the world go 'round. We print their latest communication in full.

EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA April 13, 1937

Dear Editor:

Here is your East Chicago COLLEGIAN reporter again with quite a list of news for the May issue.

In the first place, we had our second meeting of the year last Thursday night, and a large and happy crowd attended. I would appreciate it if you would print our program as it appeared on the invitations as I think the Alumni that see it would appreciate it.

THE PLACE

Wicker Park Club Rooms (On Ridge Road just three blocks west of Route 41)

THE TIME
Thursday Evening, April 8, 1937, 8 o'clock Prompt

PROGRAM

Short Business Meeting

BUFFET LUNCH

Barbecued Bull — A La Smoking Club Special Premium Pig — A La West of the Gymnasium Style Star Franks and Hot Dogs — A La Candy Store Special Onions, Pickles, Mustard, and Horseradish German Cheese

"Belly Wash" — Dining Room Style
Faculty Cigars — Student Cigarettes
Keg Beer — A La Alumni Special
Entertainment

Saxaphone Solos by Mr. Hendrickson Accordion Solos by Mr. Yaeger Bro. David's Barber Shop Quartet

AND

Boxing Bouts by the Gary C. Y. O. under the direction of Fr. Westendorf

Here's a choice bit of gossip — Martin "Scoop" O'Donnell, better known as the colored student who won the Calumet Chapter Scholarship to St. Joe two years ago, finally joined the ranks of the Benedicts and was married the latter part of last January. Congratulations, "Scoop"!

Yours very truly,
MAC McCOY

CAMPUS

Clubs

The Bishop Misbehaves By Frederick Jackson

Presented by the NEWMAN CLUB

College Auditorium, March 16, 1937

Characters

Red Eagan George Cross
Donald Meadows Joseph McElroy
Hester Ganther George Charek
Guy Waller Lawrence Cyr
Mrs. Waller Robert Gallen
The Bishop of Broadminster Earl Petit
Lady Emily Paul Linehan
the Bishop's sister

Collins Richard Doyle
Frenchy Robert Sneider
Mr. Brooke Francis Carney

This play was a splendid piece of work. It was all that one could ask for an evening of light entertainment. Both the cast and Father Luckey, the director, have our sincerest congratulations.

The play is a comedy, with no pretentions to high dramatic perfection. It is essentially the story of a Bishop with a flair for detective work, who unexpectedly receives an opportunity to try his mettle as a sleuth and proves it in fine fashion. We shall not attempt to name any one as the star of this play, because there were certainly no less than three of them. Earl Petit, as the brawny, intellectual, very self-confident Bishop, and

George Cross, buffooning pub keeper, made exquisite comedy. The women of the play were all excellent. Paul Linehan, as the Bishop's sister, exotic old lady who has never lost her youthful thirst for adventure, enjoyed the present one quite as much as the Bishop; the Irish in her was unmistakable. George Charek, as the young lady, presented a very fine appearance and played his part in a very convincing manner. Robert Gallen, as the swindler's wife, herself honest, carried his role also very well. He portrayed his character accurately with his voice; his walk and carriage, however, were a little too stiff. Joseph McElroy, leader of the pro-tem crooks, was satisfying enough, although his high voice was out of harmony with the character he was interpreting. He made a mistake in the first act by appearing altogether too calm and unconcerned immediately after committing a crime. Lawrence Cyr, the swindler, except for some nervousness in the first act, portrayed that worthy gentleman successfully. Francis Carney, as the Bishop's timid valet, furnished plenty of additional comedy. Richard Doyle was probably miscast as the chauffeur and crook; while his acting was not bad at all we feel that he would have done better in some other role. Robert Sneider was called upon to be a crook with the air of a gangster; on the stage he was just that.

At this program the College Band made

its first appearance of the year in the auditorium. Under the rhythmic baton of Professor Tonner it streamed through the stately "Huldigungs March" by Grieg, and wandered through all the intricacies of Richard's overture, "Triumph of Alexander." As a bit of humor for the musical program a reed quartet presented a novelty number entitled "Kollege Kapers," which aimed to express some of the things that have been known to happen in colleges.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

As a grand climax to the Dwenger Mission Unit's yearly mission work came the annual bazaar, April 5. The program, carried on in the basketball galleries and in the upper room of the Raleigh Smoking Club, proved to be a success despite the fact that the inclemency of the weather prevented many from the neighboring parishes from attending. In fact, the program as a whole was a far more tremendous success, compared with that of last year.

From the bingo stand even to the base-ball booth a continual stream of enthusiasts were enjoying themselves to such an extent that the D.M.U. reaped approximately a net profit of \$315.

The raffle, which constituted no small part of the festival, netted a profit of \$180. For the lucky winner of the grand prize a beautiful radio was the award. Fifty other prizes donated by various concerns in Rensselaer and by persons at the College comprised the other awards given out at the raffle.

The grand total of approximately \$315 will be sent to various places for the support of home and foreign missions. The members of the D.M.U. will decide in

the next regular meeting where the profit from this festival will be sent.

To all who have helped to make this Mission Festival the success it really was the D.M.U. extends wholehearted thanks. The band must also be complimented for its excellent rendition of various selections during part of the afternoon program.

Caspar Bonifas '37

MONOGRAM CLUB

In picking up bits of campus news both "hither and thar" we could not pass up an interview with the boys down at the Monogram Club. They are a group of busy lads these days. The Club's activities seem to be centered on the event of Saturday, May 1. A few words from some of the dance committees will prove how determined they are to make the Monogram Formal Dance the foremost social function of the year.

This "rapporteur" was first favored with a statement from the executive committee. I say favored because their optimistic but truthful information gives us an enlightening slant on the whole affair. The most surprising statement was their announcement of the orchestra: Art Morgan and his eleven piece band featuring Chic Mauthe, vocalist. chairman of the orchestra committee, Mr. Gaffney, substantiated this with some well defined data concerning the selection of music. Art Morgan, M.O.S., and his famous Castle Farm orchestra, Cincinnati, boast of many recent prominent engagements, such as: The Navy Ball, Netherland Plaza; Junior Prom, Indiana University; and outstanding fraternity and sorority dances at Ohio State University. The novel arrangements of

Art Morgan should prove to be very entertaining. His eleven piece band carries forty-seven instruments. Still more news from the executive committee informs us of their great success in compiling the patron's list. Then too, the enthusiasm of the students and the Alumni was not slighted, for their response has assured the success of the dance. The executive committeemen are not being over-confident in making handsome statements concerning the dance.

Mr. Dreiling of the program committee had something to add. We learned from this energetic personage that a well balanced and attractive program has been selected. Another important group supplied its contribution to this news item, namely, the decoration committee. Mr. Johnson, chairman, with the aid of his colleagues, and another person still more instrumental, Father Paul Speckbaugh, inform us that an artistic as well as modernistic design will be employed to beautify the ball room.

A concluding statement by the Monogram Club President, Mr. Scharf, expressed a still greater determination, namely, the ambition of the present organization to establish a future precedent for Monogram Dances. In reply to Mr. Scharf's statement the editor's note reads: "Good luck and success."

P.W. '38

Locals

FATHER MAURICE FETED

Fittingly did the Reverend Maurice Ehleringer, C.PP.S., choose the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph on which to celebrate his silver sacerdotal jubilee and his twenty-five active years as professor of French and Latin at St. Joseph's College. Although he solemnized his First Holy Mass on December 27, 1911, and entered upon his duties in the classroom at the opening of the following second semester, his choice of our patron's Feast Day on which to commemorate these two events was in harmony with his deep, priestly, religious character. Father Maurice has been a builder of men during all these years even more by his inspiring example than by his oral teaching.

Two life-long friends, one a classmate, Fathers Othmar Knapke and Albin Scheidler, were deacon and subdeacon respectively at the Solemn High Mass which Father Maurice celebrated at nine o'clock. Father Ildephonse Rapp, who had preached at the jubilarian's First Holy Mass, gave the jubilee sermon, an eloquent enunciation of the virtues of St. Joseph and a warm congratulation to the celebrant. The college choir sang J. H. Dietrich's Mass in Honor of St. Joseph.

The banquet at twelve was an informal, friendly meal served Collegeville style — as bounteous as delicious. No formal speeches followed it, this at the request of the Rev. Jubilarian, only Father Hartman, acting rector, spoke, offering in one sheaf the bound wishes of the one hundred guests present, and reading the congratulatory telegram of alumni of the Calumet district. Happy indeed was Father Maurice as he rose to respond and in his kindly manner acknowledge the ovation offered him.

Weeping April skies kept a number of friends from a distance from attempting to drive through the storm to participate in the celebration. Especially did many who would have started early to be on

CAMPUS

time for Mass hesitate to venture out into the downpour. By ten-thirty the sky had cleared, and from then on throughout the day cars came and went, all filled with friends who wished to express their hearty felicitations to a man and priest whom they love as a friend and revere as a father.

Father Maurice's sister could not come from her distant home in North Dakota because of sickness. His brother John and wife, however, who live in Currie, Minnesota, drove through the day before with their son Joseph and wife, residents of Iona, Minnesota. Other relatives present were Mrs. E. J. Altman of Dodge, Wiscousin; a niece, Mrs. E. E. Ensch; a nephew, who came from Indianapolis with his wife and two daughters; Mrs. C. P. Hallaway of Plymouth, a cousin; and Miss Agnes Molter of Kentland, another cousin.

As boys and men inspired by the dignity of the occasion, the Music Department presented perfectly W. Rys. Herbert's operetta, Captain Van Der Hum in the evening. Even if violin strings would not stay in tune througout a single selection because of the humidity, Professor Paul Tonner's orchestra furnished the foundation to make that light opera hum. To Mr. Tonner and Father Diller this word of compliment is due for the excellence of the program. As in the story of the apple that nobody ate, they will pass on the credit to the students, who did indeed excel anything of a similar nature in the last two or three years. To a man they acted like Hampdens and sang like skylarks. Everyone in the main cast deserves an individual bouquet — Fred O'Brien as Captain Dick Erne and Gregory Moorman as First Mate for

their singing; Edward Gruber, Boatswain, Edwin Johnson, Coxswain, and Burch Hayden, Second Mate, for the ease and grace of their acting, and Johnson for his tap dance; John Bannon as Obadiah Perkins, a landsman, for the humor he injected by his byplay. Only orchids will do for the bouquet of Joseph Sciulli, who is blessed with a voice as clear and resonant as a silver bell, and whose acting, even in the clumsy boots of the Pirate Chief, was as graceful as the movements of a ballet dancer. His impersonation of Mrs. Brown shames to silence those who claim that a boy or man cannot carry satisfactorily a feminine role; he carried this with a finesse that defies improvement by any college girls anywhere.

After the operetta John Koechley, a member of the student council, representing the students, in a few happily chosen words presented Father Maurice a substantial gift and purse. The Reverend Jubilarian responded in the same vein as he had spoken after the banquet and concluded the day of festivities with a timely joke which he applied by converting it into an expression of deepest gratitude.

The Easter parade disbanded on what we shall term Toiling Tuesday. Members of Father Ley's English classes rejoiced when they returned to learn that he had gone away for the week to attend the Catholic Educational Convention in Louisville; rejoiced until they looked behind the glass on the assembly halls' bulletin boards and found assignments for the week not ungenerously given. That comprehensive objective test scheduled for the Friday afterward is still campus conversation.

Father Ley attended the meetings of the mid-western division of the Catholic Educational Association in Chicago, Wednesday, April 14. On Friday, April 16, he represented St. Joseph's at Fenwick High School, Oak Park, Illinois, at the annual College Day meeting of representatives from a number of colleges throughout the mid-west.

One of the first official acts of Father Henry A. Lucks, the new dean of studies, was a trip to the North Central Association Convention in Chicago, April 14-17.

The Symposium on the Calculus of Variations conducted at the University of Notre Dame, April 7 and 8, was attended by Father Alfred Zanolar, professor of mathematics and physics.

The nature-loving members of the Raleigh Club have noticed that the Science Hall Sahara has been sown with grass seed. It is hoped that no potential golfers will cast greedy eyes on the virgin green. By the way, the signs reading "Keep off the Grass" are not written in Hebrew — Grass, Keep Off. We qualify this with a capital Please!

That photo shop is a tradition — the Henrys have it. Formerly it was Henry "Gzy"; now it's Henry and Henry — the Kenney & Ameling Co. The present firm announces a thorough (?) course in the science and art of photography.

Informal, interesting, and practical was the lecture of Father Sheridan given in behalf of the Maryknoll Missions, Thursday evening, April 15. The speaker recounted some of his experiences as chaplain in Sing Sing, enunciated the qualities of a true Maryknoll Missioner, explained a few Chinese phrases, and had the students sing with him a snatch of a Chinese song.

Incidentally at least seven students of St. Joseph's have gone from here to the Maryknoll seminary. The first, the Rev. Daniel L. McShane, died on duty in China. The Rev. Charles Magsam, '28, is now teaching at Maryknoll Seminary, and the Rev. Charles Bauer, '21, who paid us a visit during the late Christmas holidays, is in China. Thomas Danehy, '33, William Coleman, '32, and Joseph Wittkofski, '32, are at present seminarians.

THE PIN CUSHION

Well, boys, The Pin Cushion is going into its third month, and your columnist has no black eyes to mar his "la figure," but boy oh boy, some of the lads have really dealt me a terrific wallop in the nether regions. I ask you, was it fair? Can't you see that it is against all the ethics of journalism for a columnist to allow anything about himself to be printed? I hereby solemnly swear that I had nothing to do with the article in the last issue concerning nobody but myself. But, boys, as I have said, The Pin Cushion never squawks, so why should I? still all in good fun; but was I embarrassed.

This columnist, who received the carriage which was the hit of last month's issue, has had a private Auction Sale auction sale of said article. The bidding spirited for a time, but it has finally narrowed down to fierce rivals for the hand of Susie, that popular, young Miss from

CAMPUS

town. Good old B.J. and Miky Andres are waging a hot contest for the honor of pushing the carriage. The Pin Cushion will keep you posted on the outcome, and will publish results in the next issue. This columnist is laying his money on the long end of argument, B.J., owing to the fact that he is a heeero and can really strut the Susieque.

Louie Furst is a prince in many ways,
but at heart he is an
OOH You Viper old meany. Can you
imagine anybody who
is a professional baby scarer?

Listen my children and you shall hear, How Louie Furst drew a baby's tear.

Doc Sutherland was introducing his pride and joy, a cute little youngster of about three years, to the boys. Smiles adorned the youngun's chubby face until he saw Louie. Setting up a wail the child sobbed, "Daddy, daddy, what's that?" Louie, you should be admonished.

Regis "Moneybags" Monohan seems to be in a happy mood these days. His brother's marriage Theme Song must have put ideas into his bright young head. Lately he has been reading Home and Garden magazine with very much interest, while humming constantly his favorite tune, "Copper Colored Gal of Mine." Did any of you fellows know that Monohan is color-blind?

A few of the drug store cowboys who hang out in Wrights seemed to be talking about white shoes.

Same Difference This columnist made the statement as follows, "Holy Toledo, Art (Voll)! Shoes

like that in this weather? Why I saw a bum hitch-hiking on the highway yesterday wearing an overcoat, muffler, hat and a pair of shoes just like yours."

Chesty Thompson chimed in quick as a wink, "Heck, no! That wasn't a bum; that was Paul Weaver."

To anyone interested, especially lovely Mary Catherine of St. Mary's College, South Bend, Whata-Oiy Oiy Oiy man Felix Feezer, the automobile maggot from Indianapolis, now bears the moniker of "Kike," "Goldstein," "Benny Goldbladt" in fact, anything Yiddish. A lovely gal from Ayres Dept. Store in Indianapolis hung this distinction on him. He even passes up the ham at dinner now. Oiy, oiy. Feezer.

We often wondered how Joe "Mathematics" managed to get up in the mornings at such an early There is a Reason hour. We used to think that is was the Latin and Greek classes wherein Joe grabbed his shuteye, but times have changed, and Prefect Joe now uses the evening study period to drift off into the arms of Morpheus. The riddle is: Who rings the bell to end the period if Joe is asleep?

St. Joseph's College presents every Thursday and Saturday morning, from 11 to 12, in the ball
*Public** room of the Main B—g Class** building, classroom seven, Jack Weyer and his Jolly Jaggers, featuring many talented vocalists, coached by one Father Luckey. Weyer really presents a natty appearance in Badke's tux.

(Hit of the Month)

The opening of baseball practice finds in the group of hopefuls one outstanding

A Celebrity in Our Midst star, a newcomer to the ranks of St. Joe baseball heeroes — Dizzy Dean Lou Gehrig Luke Appling Hay-

den. The St. Joe boys can be thankful that Hayden decided on a college education, for the Louisville Colonels have been bidding highly for his services, offering as much as three hundred dollars a month. This is straight stuff, boys, inside dope; Burch told me so himself. Ed Andres, Jack Weyer, Ray Ransweiler, Pete Casper, Art Voll, and the winner of the auction A Columnist prize take this oppor-Keeps His Word tunity to express their

thanks for the many good times, swell feeds, parties, etc.,

given us by

The Six Skating Marvels

Rensselaer, Indiana

Harry Millner, Mgr.
P.S. This also includes the columnist.
P.P.S. This is no ad. (Dreiling)

Don't forget, boys, the Pin Cushion never bellows.

E.J.J. '39



SPORTS

Due to these seemingly unending spring rains the advance dope on the coming baseball season is rather meager. We have, however, done a bit of snooping here and there which, when joined with what we know of the veterans, should give us an idea of how the team will take shape.

In the outfield we hope to see Paul Weaver in left, Ed Finan in center, and either Schmock or Andres in right. All except Andres are lettermen from last year.

Last year's graduation wiped out a smooth infield combination, but there is a generous supply of new material from which Coach DeCook hopes to build an equally workable combination. Furst and Konst are out to cover first base. At the keystone bag we have Dick Scharf, the only survivor of last year's infield, John "Gottlieb" McCarthy, and Michalewicz. Little Billie Curosh, H. B., and Harold Dorsten are making their debut this year at short. It will be a nip and tuck battle between Gillig, Johnson, and Kleinhenz for first-string honors at third. All three of the boys are plenty fast at fielding the ball.

The pitching staff looks better than it has ever looked in many a moon. The bulk of the assignments will probably rest on the broad shoulders of Dreiling and Raterman. Leugers, Shank, and Hayden will round out the staff.

In virtue of their squatter's rights Cy Gaffney, Jones, and Yocis will handle the backstop duties.

The Athletic Association has announced that Lew Fonseca, former manager of the Chicago White Sox, will show his moving pictures of the American League ball players in Alumni Hall on April 28.

To wind up the basketball season the Monogram Club sponsored an open tournament. Each member of the varsity selected seven men out of the many entrants to compose his team. The games were more of the rough and tumble type, but none the less extremely interesting. Yocis' team battled it out with Michalewicz's consorts in the finals. Mike and his warriors emerged somewhat battered but victorious by a score of 26-18. In recognition of their achievement, Mike and his boys were presented with miniature gold basketballs.

SPORT DOPE

Through the efforts of "Swede" Johnson the St. Viator intramural champions journeyed to St. Joe to play the victorious Sophs, who took the visitors over in a close contest, 48-44. This game marks the first of its kind at St. Joe. We hope to see it continue.

From the Valpo *Torch* we learn that William Karr, star of football and basketball, will return to Valpo next year to aid Valpo's coach Christiansen instruct the grid men in the fundamentals.

In all the games during the last basketball season in which Jerry Yocis started he was never removed for a substitute, except in the last game of the season against Taylor when St. Joe sported a comfortable lead. K.C. '37

BE LOYAL

OUR
ADVERTISERS
LEND US
HELP

IT IS
FOR YOU
TO MAKE
THE RESPONSE

THE RITZ

May 16-17-18

Will Rogers in "DAVID HARUM"

May 19 - 20

Jean Muir — Warren Hull in "HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY

May 21 - 22

Paul Kelly - Judith Allen in "IT HAPPENED OUT WEST"

May 23 - 24 - 25

Robert Montgomery - Rosalind Russell in "NIGHT MUST FALL"

May 26 - 27

Patsy Kelly — Robert Armstrong in "NOBODY'S BABY"

May 28 - 29

Anton Walbrook - Elizabeth Allan in "THE SOLDIER and THE LADY"

May 30 - 31

Spencer Tracy — Grace George Franchot Tone in "THEY GAVE HIM A GUN"

THE PALACE

May 16-17-18

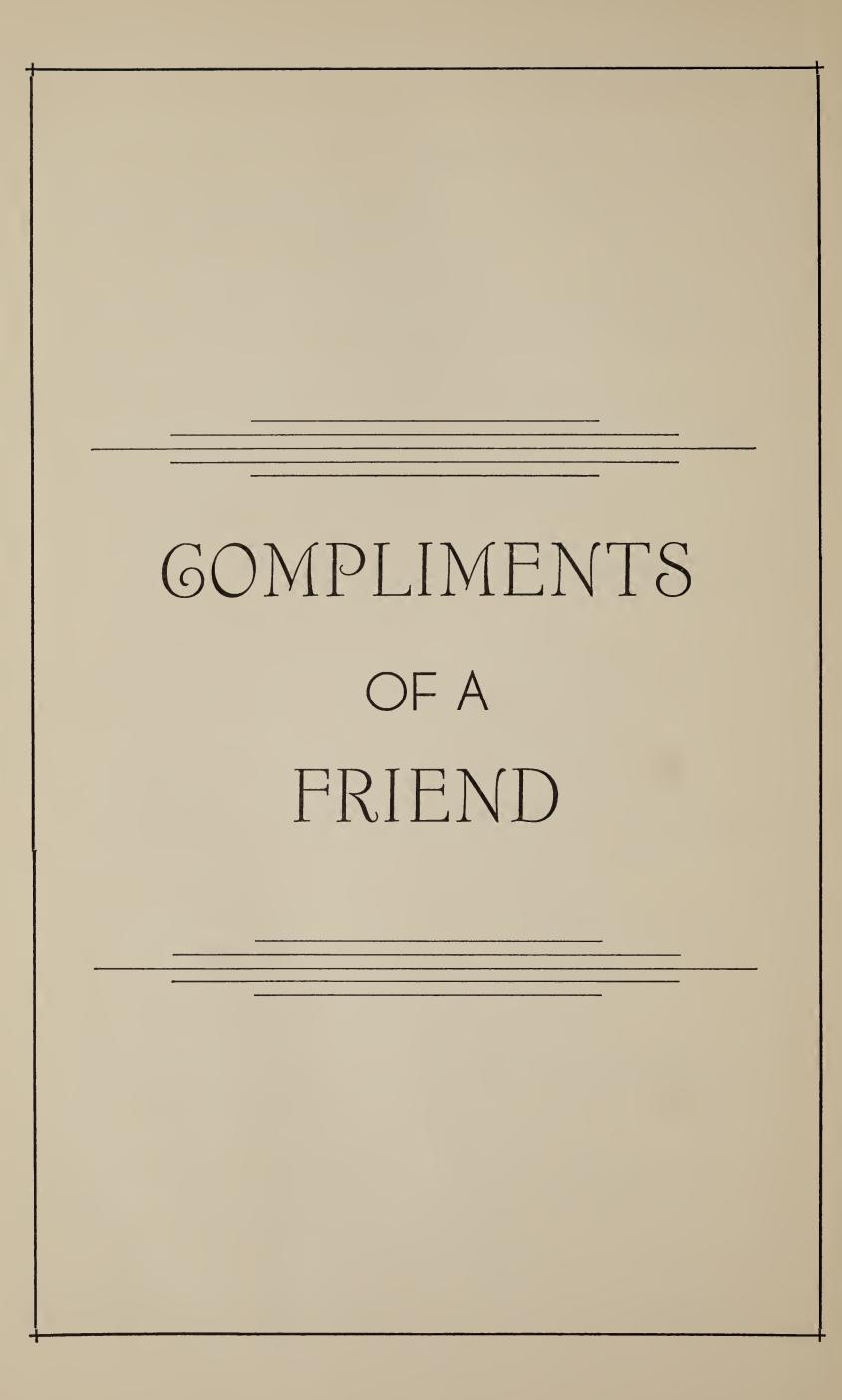
Paul Muni - Miriam Hopkins in "THE WOMAN I LOVE"

May 23 - 24 - 25

Wallace Beery — Janet Beecher Una Merkel in "GOOD OLD SOAK"

Double Feature Program
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